

THE
NEW LOOK

THE MAGAZINE OF CINEMA & TELEVISION FANTASY №40 70p

STARBURST

AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON

WE REVIEW
THE NEW
JOHN LANDIS
FILM

REVIEWS OF
DEAD AND BURIED
BLOW OUT
THE BEYOND

PLUS,
FANTASY FEMALES
WOMEN AS MOVIE VICTIMS!

THE MEN FROM U.N.C.L.E.
POE POSTER GALLERY

AND ALL OUR REGULAR FEATURES

WE REVIEW THE NEW DISNEY FILM
THE FOX
AND
THE HOUND





THE FOX AND THE HOUND

THE NEW ANIMATED FEATURES FROM THE WALT DISNEY STUDIOS SEEMS TO BE A RETURN TO FORMER GLORIES - WITH JUST A FEW LAPSES. SEE OUR REVIEW ON PAGE 20.



DEAD AND BURIED

STARBURST CASTS A CRITICAL EYE OVER THE NEW FILM FROM THE ALIEN SCRIPT TEAM OF DAN O'BANNON AND RONALD SHUSETT. SEE PAGE 16.

AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON

WE REVIEW THE LATEST FILM FROM FORMER COMEDY DIRECTOR JOHN LANDIS. SEE PAGE 32.

STARBURST

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Volume 4, Number 3

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STARBURST LETTERS

JON WHO?

Having checked the Time Bandits files and spoken to the more knowledgeable members of the crew, I can find no one named Jon Sorensen to match the description of the special effects whizz in issue 38 of Starburst. I can't imagine someone so skilled and important going unnoticed on the film. Perhaps John Fleming is having you on.

Anyway, it was an interesting picture of the Hand Forest.

Terry Gilliam,
London.

Alan McKenzie replies: "I do love a mystery. Is there anyone out there who worked on Five-Star-Five or Alien who can clear the good name of Jon Sorensen? (Are you reading this, Brian?)

"And for anyone who doesn't know, Terry Gilliam claims to be the director of Time Bandits."

UFO NETWORK

We wish to inform your readers who were kind enough to write to us having seen our address in your magazine, that our correct address is 39 Birkbeck Road, London NW7 and not 36 Birkbeck Road as was previously published.

R. Lawrence,
UFO Network,
London.

HARRISON FAN

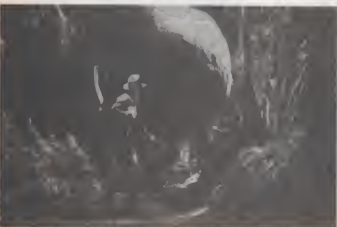
For me, like many others, the most exciting and fascinating character in Star Wars and The Empire Strikes Back is Han Solo — I of course mean the one and only Harrison Ford, not any stand in, on radio or otherwise. He is so talented his contribution to the success of both films is enormous and in all his appeared in his never been less than brilliant, so I really



looked forward to Raiders of the Lost Ark. The posters proclaimed: "The Ultimate Hero in the Ultimate Adventure", they told the truth — Harrison Ford is magnificent as the sensational Indiana Jones. The film is tremendous entertainment and richly deserves the great reviews Harrison Ford thrills an audience in a way that is unsurpassed. I very much look forward to The Revenge of the Jedi and all his future films, and I sincerely hope Indiana Jones will appear in many of them. "Indiana Jones the Ultimate Hero — Harrison Ford: the ultimate actor.

Marie West,
London E15.

Just for the record, Marie, The Revenge of the Jedi is now Return of the Jedi. Just like to keep the accounts straight!



POSTER MAGS

Starburst Poster Magazine 1... This is a good venture by Starburst and I hope it proves successful. I hope that film posters will continue to be the centre-spread poster because these are invariably more in demand than blown-up stills. The Excalibur poster was particularly powerful.

Is this magazine going to be a monthly magazine?

Simon Hudson,
Drayton Norwich,
Norfolk.

Not monthly, Simon. But by now you'll have seen our Escape From New York poster mag. We do have others planned, though. Watch this space!

FILM CHART

I was interested in the points raised by Mark Gavey concerning the Starburst Fantasy Film Chart, which I too found excellent. In Tony Crawley's accompanying notes he comments that he expects a flood of mail asking why certain films have been included, such as 1941, San Francisco, etc. However, like Mark Gavey, I was puzzled as to the omission of several films. None of George Romero's horror movies appear in the listing, but in several recent features on his debut

Night of the Living Dead the figure of 14,000,000 dollars has been quoted as first-year takings — and since then the film has frequently been revived, and fairly profitably. This should give the film a placing around the 45-50 mark in the table — so where is it? I can only assume that the group which distributes Romero's pictures has not officially released the box-office figures.

Another film mentioned by Mark Gavey is Eraserhead, David Lynch's brilliant surrealist fable. As it hasn't been widely released, perhaps it shouldn't be included in the chart. However, it took New York by storm in 1979, being the cult hit of that year, had a similar effect in London's more "underground" cinemas, and, I should imagine, caused a great deal of excitement up and down the country at various club showings. It certainly did good business at Derby's Metro Cinema in June of this year. Surely it made more money than the likes of Cathy's Curse?

In his letter, Mark is shocked at the apparent fact that the British public preferred Exorcist II — The Heretic to The Island. I must confess, I rather enjoyed Heretic, and haven't seen Michael Ritchie's film, so I can't really pass comment. However, I do take Mark's point. The British public flock in droves to see anything with the words Exorcist, Oman or Friday the 13th in the

title - the average filmgoer is susceptible to hype, hence most films which are advertised on television do good business. (Except for Don't Answer the Phone - even the advert was badly made.) The more intellectual members of a prospective audience would probably plump for The Heretic above a more worthy film too, Boorman being something of a cult figure.

Mark Gavey's list of films which he considers popular in his home country made interesting reading - most of the biggies were, predictably, in there, but it was good to see John Carpenter's Halloween and the home production Mad Max included. Australian fans may have exercised some loyalty there, but proved they could be as bad as British audiences by turning When a Stranger Calls and Friday the 13th into hit films. The most telling comment made by Merk, and one which seems to be true the world over, is that the publicity has become more important than the actual film, which, more and more these days turns out to be a dull piece of shlock.

Finally, a plea. I am interested in finding out more about scarce, little-known horror and sci-fi films, such as those mentioned towards the end of the Starburst chart, or Mad Max, The Visitor etc. mentioned by Mark in his letter. Also, many obscure titles have recently surfaced on video cassette, eg Bloodlust, Late Night Trains and Simon, King of the Witches. Anyone with any information on these, or other rarities, as regards plot, cast, release date, etc, is welcome to write. All information will be gratefully received.

Darrell Buxton,
 Willington,
 Derby.

The problem with film takings, Darrell, is that not all film companies disclose that information, particularly the small ones. And we'd disagree about your 14 million dollar figure for Night of the Living Dead. We remember an interview in which Romero stated that when the film passed the million mark a couple of years after its release, he was delighted.



SENSE-ORSHIP!

I am writing to thank Alan Jones for replying to my letter, and to add to some of the points he made. I wasn't actually criticising him for failing to mention My Bloody Valentine, I was simply curious.

I have read, since I wrote my original letter, that it was the Motion Picture Association of America that censored My Bloody Valentine, but whether it was their decision or that of the studio executives, I still can't agree with their principles. I realise that it must be very risky, financially, to release a film in America with an X certificate, but United Film Distribution did it with George Romero's Zombies - Dawn of the Dead which still plays to full houses at late night screenings in the USA.

However, for Mr Jones to suggest that it is pointless for some of the less well-known film makers, (I presume he didn't mean Romero), to bother making gory movies because they might be cut is surely very unfair. The directors and effects men aren't always just working to pay the bills; they're doing work that they presumably enjoy and believe in, and like any 'artist' in any media, they should be allowed to do the sort of work they want to do, good or bad. This creativity, whether it's the brilliance of Romero's work or the boredom and lack of imagination of, say, Alvin Kerkoff's Deathship, must be allowed to flourish, until it is accepted for what it is, or until things get so bad that they are actually prevented from making their films.

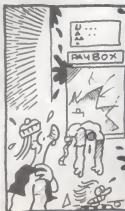
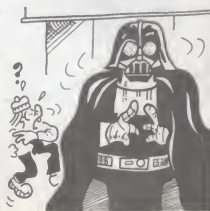
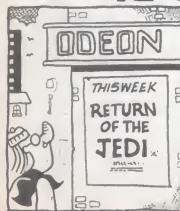
It is true that a horror film

needn't be excessively gory to be good. If you look at Tobo Hooper's Taxes Chainsaw Massacre there isn't really all that much blood, but it is so well made that it is still one of the most effective and disturbing films to date. The original Friday the 13th was admittedly not a classic story, but Tom Savini's brilliant effects turned an otherwise dull film into a spectacular and memorable one, for me anyway. This particular film seemed to be uncensored, whereas Friday the 13th Part Two was obviously censored, (although it was clearly only a pale imitation of the original). It seems ridiculous that some films are cut and others, just as gory, remain intact, as if the powers responsible aren't too sure what they're doing or why they're doing it, but still feel some misguided moral obligation to decide what is or isn't fit for public consumption. It's just a great pity that there isn't some way we can be allowed to judge for ourselves.

J. Ward,
 Nottingham.

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FLICKERS BY TIM QUINN & DICKY HOWETT



THINGS TO COME

Sandwiched between *Outland* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark* with time off to complete in the middle of Richard Donner's new movie and a retrospective of the work of one of his *Superman* I/II stars, Gene Hackman, the ten laid-back days of the Deauville festival in France followed the recent trends of pukka, straight fests and relied heavily on our kind of people for its star attractions... and resultant headlines.

If fantasy continues to rule at the box-office, then fantasy it has to be at the kind of festivals that normally leave the genre to more specialised fan-fest events.

And so... Sean Connery, the best damned Bond of them all, winged in by private jet from Switzerland to open the event, carry out a remarkably filled day of media prais (all the European Press is here), win his Sunday golf game and get back to the *Maiden*, *Maiden* locations under the polished control of Fred Zinnemann. Harrison Ford, sporting a new beard, flew from Venice to Paris and then drove himself and his two young sons down to the Northern spa to close the affair.

Richard Donner, as always, was full of chatty gossip and feeling that *Inside Moves* had greatly helped him (nearly) over the hump of being unceremoniously sacked from *Superman II*—"I still haven't been paid!" Gene Hackman smiled when admitting he was just about the only Supie star not to be suing the Salkinds for his *Supermoney*.

"No," he told me, "I didn't have a better agent than the others or anything. I just got my money upfront. I didn't bother to take a percentage. All of the people who did take percentages will get a lot of money. But so far no one has seen any of it."

Lane Turner, back from the grave, or so she said, was also being feted with a retrospective, as was the brilliant director of that classic, *All About Eve* (1950), Joseph L. Mankiewicz. He comes from a great film family, Joe. His brother wrote *Citizen Kane* and his son, Tom, worked a lot on both 007 and *Superman* scripts. But the most cheered filmmaker being honoured was *Bonnie and Clyde*'s Arthur Penn—who explained just why he left the *Altered States* project.

ABSENTEES 1

Like I figured, neither George Lucas or Steven Spielberg made the Deauville trail. *Raiders* hardly needed them (though we did!) and Harrison Ford stood in well enough for both of them. Not that *Raiders* needed Deauville at all, I would have thought. The film is bigger than any festival-induced promotion. Harrison Ford proved the reason why it ended up here. Currently on a six months rest, after *Blade Runner* and before *Revenge of the Jedi*, Harrison agreed to talk to the Press in London, Rome and Paris and give his sons a Euro-vacation. London, we know about. Rome turned out to be Venice and since all the

Paris media would be in Deauville anyway... well, you get the picture.

If the Lucasberger visit anywhere, it should have been Britain. Ours is about the only country in the world where *Raiders* has had a tough time, being beaten into the ground by the inferior *For Your Eyes Only*. Throughout August it ran second to Bond in London's Top Ten Movie lists, fell to third place the week *Outland* opened, and only made the No 1 spot in September... after Harrison's visit, and of course, Bond having dropped to second position after ten weeks as box-office champion.



The reason for this lack of business? Apparently it had something to do with the original poster. The great British public (not *Starbursters*, of course) misconstrued the small swastika in one corner and thought *Raiders* was a war movie. How dumb can you get?

ABSENTEES 2

Also missing from the Deauville action (alas, alas!) was Bo Derek. Yes, and buddy John, too. Their *Tarzan the Ape Man* had been due to be shown, but was pulled out at the last minute. Obviously John is tired of answering all the questions thrown at Bo. They were close enough to make the trip. Hiding out in a Paris hotel en route back to Los Angeles after ferreting out locations in Yugoslavia for their private movie. That's the one they do next, before Bo plays the world's first liberated woman in something called *Eve And That Damned Apple*. Must be difficult finding roles that have no need of a wardrobe department.

Actually, I gather Bo does much more of her own talking in interviews these days. Anything to shut up hubby saying things like, "Why ask the audience to buy her as an actress when she does not come with those credentials." Well, at least he's honest about her short-comings.

ABSENTEES 3 BOND 83

Somebody was all wanted to meet was John Sayles. His writer-director debut, *The Return of the Secaucus Seven*, was on show, since when John's written Roger Corman's *Battle Beyond The Stars* and Spielberg's new light show, *ET*. Unfortunately, John's film was such a low-budget winner, he couldn't afford the trip. It shouldn't be long before he can either pay his own way, or be sent by a major studio.

JANE II

The big Tarzan Bo-nanza is fast leading to more jungle capers. Jamaica, Puerto Rico and Hawaii are the locations intended for a female Tarzan movie planned by producer Ken Hartford and director Ewing Brown. No title as yet (just a budget: 1.6m dollars), but the piece, from Academy International, will probably be called *Jungle Jane* or something. It's exactly a distaff version of the Tarzan tale (which is likely to mean more rows from the Edgar Rice Burroughs Estate), with the heroine being a wild jungle babe brought back to civilisation (so-called). Well, she doesn't think too much of it. Her rescuers take her to a circus one night... and she immediately lets a tiger out of its cage. Ho-ho!

BLOWN UP

As per usual, Brian De Palma's new film has run foul of America's Roman Catholic Conference film vetting service. At times, one has the feeling Mrs Mary Whitehouse works part-time for this Victorian outfit. De Palma's *Blow Out*, for example, gets a Condemned rating for all the wrong reasons. Not because it's another tacky De Palma movie but for its "nudity, violence and pervasive air of amorality." Brian,

in fact, who will make *Octopussy*? The 007 producer Cubby Broccoli has been reported as being happy to have Roger Moore play Bond again, "but I would also hate to say no, if Sean Connery offered his services." The Bonds' new helmer, John Glen, has been voicing similar sentiments during his Euro-publicity travels. United Artists publicity man Jerry Jurose says he's met both Moore and Connery recently and feels both are "eminently suited" to the role. And United Artists production chief, Norbert T. Auerbach, in a rare quote that didn't mention *Heaven's Gate*, called the Connery comeback rumour just that—another rumour. Auerbach says it's a bit premature yet, but talks will go ahead later with Moore.

Octopussy is slated for a royal premiere in London on June 21, 1983—when Roger Moore will be 115 days short of his 55th birthday. Connery at that time would be 65 days short of his 53rd birthday. Broccoli and his main writer, Richard Maibaum, would both be 74. And they, I'm sorry to say, are the main reasons why the 007 series is beginning to creep into oblivion. Too much Gentol and not enough fresh blood in the works. As the last movie showed, a new director alone is not

again as usual, is in good enough company, though. B labels, for films judged morally objectionable in part for all ages of viewers, went to *Eye of the Needle*, from the man due to direct *Revenge of the Jedi*, Richard Marquand—and even to the last lame Bond film. The Catholics report that *For Your Eyes Only* had too much "usual violence and sophomoric cynicism, together with an extended underwater sequence that exploits nudity." (Did it?). What will they make of something called *Octopussy*...



Blow Out director Brian De Palma

Compiled by Tony Crawley

CABLE MOVIES

enough; nor come to that, would a new actor be. What is required is more respect for the audiences' intelligence as well as their money. Plots, stories and scripts—and in that order."

I'm frankly hoping Moore has quit and will not try to match Sean's total of six Bond films. A new 007 is required, and much more to go with him. And I gather that John Glen is already searching for a new star in case Moore pulls out. He did this last time, testing several actors at Pinewood, which didn't please Moore one jot. He should worry. He has film offers, and cigars, enough to last him the rest of his life... while Bond's life is running out of everything. Fast.



Myrmidon Project is one of novel that has 'em jumping in LA. And nervy. As one penthouse executive says after another: It'll make a helluva movie but would any of the networks buy it later on? Ay, there's the rub! They may have been cannibalistic enough to soak up Paddy Chayefsky's *Network* (in the belief that it was simply satire), but this gripping thriller by award-winning telenewsmen Chuck Scarborough and writer William Murray takes the dark Chayefsky's forebodings about American television to some mind-warping heights. To Myrmidon, in fact.

That's a computer created by a scientist captured literally; and then drugged to the eye balls) by the ACN network, No 4 in the US ratings and trying anything—murder included—to make the No 1 spot. The prof's computer digitalises the electrical impulses making up a tele-picture, stores them, synthesises them... and alters them, creating new pictures of tv stars, politicians, sports heroes and the like. Faking the images, making them do whatever the network wants them to do. Ooohing live, flesh and blood humans, "with their costly and bothersome needs and demands" in favour of computerised visual clones—each image programmed to audience dictates, taken from other computerised information, measuring and analysing the public's innermost thoughts, feelings and desires. John Travolta instead of Gene Kelly in *Singin' in the Rain*—simple Muhammad Ali v Joe Louis—a knockout! Kennedy not being killed by Oswald—piece of cake. Nixon on trial for Watergate—a breeze.

First person to discover what's going on is also the first victim. This is the Walter Cronkite-like veteran newsmen, Harvey Grunwald. When he proves too greedy, his network boss has him rubbed out and replaced by his own electronic clone. The boss lady (very much the Faye Dunaway of this techno-*Network* exercise) is out to take over the entire network and use Myrmidon in all programmes. Until, that is, a young ACN cameraman stumbles on the truth. He manages to get the drugged inventor to blow the whistle on the data-bank deal. They concoct a bravura newscast which makes you forget Peter Finch's surprises in *Network*. "Good evening," says the familiar avuncular Grunwald face on the tube "The top story in the news tonight: I've been murdered..."

Science fiction? Not a bit of it insist the authors. For proof, they point downtown to Francis Coppola's brave new Zoetrope studio on North Las Palmas Avenue. Three years ago, Coppola called this place the world's first electronic studio: "We won't shoot on film or even on tape, it'll be on some other memory. Call it electronic memory." That wasn't all he claimed, either. Referring to the potential of synthesizing images on computers, he thought it would be possible—it's do-able now—to have an electronic facsimile of Napoleon, for instance, starring in the life of

syndrome did, however lead to better things that Rich's poor efforts: The *Execution of Private Slevin*, for instance, the films about the Lindbergh kidnapping and the night Orson Welles terrified America with his *War of the Worlds* broadcast, and we can't forget a little something named *Duel*. In fact, where would Martin Sheen and Steven Spielberg be today without their tele-movie beginnings?

Whether the cablestitch projects will turn out as many winners is difficult to say. Yet. They could hardly be worse than the normally hurried and hurried telly-movie, that's for sure. The future of this new filmic animal depends on whether or not the cablevision companies have cablevisionary production chiefs able to select the best subjects and film-makers. They start with one important advantage over all network material. Cablevision doesn't pussy-foot around, which is why Americans are watching more of it—untampered with films like *The Deer Hunter* which the networks were scared of. The networks water down the films they buy for the box (let alone much of the dross they make). Cablevision movies—on paper, at least—can only improve the best and rival not merely the networks but Hollywood itself. But I fear there'll be no noticeable difference to begin with. The new form of films will be made by the same people making the network stuff. Hollywood itself. Universal and Fox have already started making cable-movie deals...

BARBARIC

What ever happened to Barbara Steele, the real queen (Isory Caroline, Jamie, etc) of horror pix? She makes very few movies these days—the last being Joe Dante's *Piranha* (1979), Yves Boisset's French movie, *Key in the Door* (1979) and Denny Harris' under-rated *Silent Screams* (1979). Just lately, though, she's been back in Rome—where she first cashed in on Hollywood fame as a top horror star. She's not acting, however. Those days with the Roger Corman company have helped her to graduate to production status. She's associate producer on Dan Curtis' mammoth (35-million, 16 hour) tv mini-series, *Winds of War*, which is Bob Mitchum's debut. Mitchum joined the filming in London, and added his own praise to that of co-stars Ali McGraw, John Houseman and Jan-Michel Vincent, among others, for Barbara's work. *Barbaric*, no more... alas.

TECHNOVISION

Imagine this... Hitler as one of the Jews at Auschwitz. President Roosevelt pole-vaulting in the 1936 Olympics. TV stars changing ethnic colour and characteristics to match the viewer's with one switch of their dial... The



Actor George Kennedy starred in what is generally accepted as the first tv-movie, *See How They Run*. He is pictured here in *Deathship*. (Don't ask me... I'm as confused as you are — Editor)

THINGS TO COME

BRAIN DRAIN

So there's this Howard Hughes type, see. Old. Very old. Not too well, either. In fact, he's dying. And as he hasn't spent all those billions yet, he's not too happy about it. He means to cheat St Peter and the rest. He buys himself immortality. He arranges to have his brain slipped into another body. A young body. A young athlete's, in fact. Such is the background of a new and original (?) script making ready to go before the LA cameras. Title: **The Demer**. Genre: "Science fiction sure..." says the maker, "but perhaps only ten years away from becoming science fact." Ahal.

Director in question is Christian Skrein, 36-year-old winner of piles of awards for his commercials and documentaries in the States and at various foreign film fests. He first got the film bug while visiting the set of that unfortunate Blake Edwards' clunker, **The Great Race**, in 1963. Within two years he was winning prizes. But then it's in the blood, you see. Christian's father was Count Roul Bumballe Von Burenal, founder of the UFA studios in Berlin after the first world war. It was all the UFA talent—Dietrich, von Sternberg, etc. cameramen, designers, special-effectsicians galore—that Hollywood whisked away to help make itself great...

But I'm still thinking that an elderly, indeed dying tycoon's brain, or anyone else's near to death, would not be in very good shape, no matter the shape of the body it's transplanted into...

ROBOT-V

There are times when you feel Americans are pulling your leg—putting you on—when chatting about their tv programmes. There was this publicity girl at Deauville trying to keep a straight face when she told me about a new ABC-TV series called, **Nuts and Bolts**. It's the usual domestic sit-com—except the telly-family includes a pair of robots. I presumed she was joshing me until I checked up. Sure, it exists. Imperator Rich Little (America's Mike Yarwood) is the father of the brood, a widower of course, with two kids, and a Granny on tap—and sure enough, a pair of robots. These are hired out to eke out the depleted family fortune. Apparently, it wasn't bad at all. The show stems from David Gerber's company for Columbia Pictures tv the same team that gave us **Angie Dickinson's Policewomen**... and when you come to think of it wasn't Earl Holliman a robot? Writers included Rudy DeLuca and the Mel Brooks factory and the robots, one brand new and the other rather old and crotchety (VINcent and Old Bob clones?) are played, well hidden inside their suits, by Tommy McLoughlin and Mitchell Young Evans. I'll still believe it only when I see it.

HOMESTAT MOVES

Where cable leads, the "homestat"

channels may follow... These are the new fangled satellite networks in America, another thorn in the networks' ratings along with cable and cassettes. They're also fast killing off the familiar tv aerial. In the States, you can now buy 'the first commercial quality earth station'—your very own dish antennae, complete with motor to swivel the dish around to pick up most of the cable satellites and the 24 channels of programming from RCA's Satcom I satellite situated 23,000 miles above the Equator. This super-duper serial also comes complete with his own concrete foundation... guaranteed to help the dish withstand 100mph winds.

I tell you, the day is not far off when we'll have a dish in the garden, or on the roof and will be able to do what I've always wanted to do and expected long before now to be able to do—flick my dish and pick up any damned tv station I want in the world. If, that is, I could actually pick up the mammoth Radio Times to check what was playing in Ecuador, Australia, Indian Montreal, New York, Paris...

BBC HOMER SERVICE?

We've had **Star Wars** on radio. And we've had one of its multitudinous sources on radio too—all 26 excellent weeks of **Lord of the Rings**. Now one more source has won the million dollar treatment—all eight hours of it on

American radio (don't hear much about American radio, do you?) and possible sales abroad to the likes of BBC or the IBA. It's **The Odyssey of Homer**, no less. Leading U.S. radio writer-producer-director Yuri Rasovsky of the National Radio Theatre of Chicago had been working on the Homeric idea since first seeing **Star Wars** four years ago and remarking to a pal how strong Lucas' Homer-echoes were. Yuri drew up a treatment that night and soon won the first of various backers for his tall order budget. Before the money was in he'd hand-picked his cast—Ed Asner (aka **Lou Grant**), Irene Worth and Barry Morse. "I wanted to go first class..." The result start on some 300 commercial radio stations in the States in October. Uri next's ambition? **Frankenstein**...

"I like the movies too," he says, "and I like tv end stage. They're all terrific. I'm in drama business and it doesn't matter, make much difference where it's played. I don't go around making speeches about how radio is the only medium that creates a theatre in our head. The media you see is just as valid and maybe I'll get around to it some day." Sounds as if he has all the right ideas.

HULK OUT

The thin half of **The Incredible Hulk**, Bill Bixby, has been in Britain shooting the tv-only-movie of one of those Agatha Christie stories **Lord Brabourne** doesn't



Above: Christopher Reeve's next movie — before **Superman III** — is to be **Meet Me at the Melba** a romance, **Bill Bixby** **Hulks Out** but hopefully not in his next venture, the Agatha Christie thriller **Murder is Easy**. **Bo Derek**, straight into **Pirate Annie** (we can hardly wait, ahem!) directed by John Derek (yawn!) and scripted by Gary Goddard. **Dennis Christopher** as **Hopalong** in the as-yet-unreleased **Fade To Black** (see **Bronze Mask**).

THINGS TO COME

have rights to—**Murder Is Easy**. Claude Wetham directed the piece, which must be good news. Lesley Anne-Down co-stars, which is not. Most everything that poor beauty touches turns to dross. With **The Hulk** back in the Marvel Bullpen after four seasons, Bixby is preparing a new series for next year—a comedy half-hour notion. He's also contracted to star in two telly-movies in the next two years, and will, most likely direct one. All this via his B&B Productions. No, not breed 'n' breakfast. More like Bixby 'n' breed. Lots of it—from CBS.

What though will happen to Lou Ferrigno... now that he has to probably cope with dialogue for a living? Muscles ain't everything, Lou.

FAST TAKES

Christopher Reeve due for 30s' romance, **Meet Me At The Melba**, before **Superman III**. . . Cute Nancy Allen wisely takes a rest from hubby Brain De Palma's movies with a new MGM feature which would have neatly summed her own career up if she hadn't made such a move—**Endangered Species**. . . Jessica Harper continues her movies far from her horror beginnings in Peter D'Toole's Hollywood flick, **My Favourite Year**. . . Jamie Lee Curtis: only rival in the horror biz today, Janet Beldwin, hops into **Humongous**, whatever that may mean. . . American movie critic, sf novelist and cartoonist and friend of **Starburst**, Bill Rotsler, writing

the paperback of Sandy Howard's new thriller, **Vice Squad**. The movie stars Kurt Russell's wife, Season Hubley, who had a guest cameo with hubby in **Escape From New York**...

BRONZE MASK

Dennis Christopher must have been agreeably surprised with the news. He'd won (or to be precise, shared) the Bronze Mask of Poliphemus award at the recent Taormina film festival in Italy. Dennis is used by now to picking up such trophies for his murderous film buff in **Fade To Black** at sf and fantasy fests. But Taormina (like Deauville, which doesn't present prizes) is a straight, non-generic affair. The top Golden Mask winner, for instance, was veteran Lila Kedrova in Lee Grent's weepie, **Tell Me A Riddle**. **Fade To Black**, itself, won a special certificate of merit "for its fanciful narrative skill" from the all-woman jury. Dennis got his nod from the extra jury of 31 journalists. Many of these turned up in Deauville... where they all had to admit young Dennis (the **Breaking Away** star) will never rate an award for his work in his third big movie, **Don't Cry If's Only Thunder**, about a GI helping orphans in Vietnam. The film soon became better known here as the cliché-complication movie. Anyway, surely Dennis Christopher is too young to play Ingrid Bergman in a tame transplant of *Iron of the Sixth Happiness*!



Next month: Sean Connery on *Time Bandits* and *Outland* and the recent *Bond* films...

no keeping a good genre down!

NEXT MONTH!

The Deauville Tapes... Harrison Ford on **Blade Runner** and the end of Han Solo... Richard Donner one last time on **Superman I and II** (one third of that is mine) and his new fantasy movie, **Ladyhawke**. . . Arthur Penn on why he quit **Altered States**. . . and Sean Connery on **Time Bandits**, **Outland**, his new futuristic Hollywood movie, his upcoming Arthurian style sword epic and, yes, Connery on today's *Bond* films!

GOLD MARKS

They're giving special golden cassettes these days to tapes earning more than a million dollars' worth of breed in America. Latest five to go gold, as they say, include **The Graduate** and **The King and I**. Well, of course. The other three gold were... **The Omen**, **Young Frankenstein** and **The Fog**. That's just



I had the line I was going to take with this review all worked out. **Blow Out**, I was going to say, represents De Palma's reaction to all the adverse criticism that **Dressed to Kill** attracted, particularly from feminists. This is obvious in the way he parodies movies like **Friday the 13th** in the opening sequences with their abundance of nubile young girls just waiting to be victims and then contrasts this patent silliness with a much more realistic story about a killer on the loose. There is little actual gore in **Blow Out** though there are five (I think) murders, one of which is very unpleasant even though you don't see much of it, but this time, unlike **Dressed to Kill**, De Palma doesn't let us off the hook at the end. Instead one of the two main characters (I won't say which) gets killed for real and stays dead. The film then closes with a bleak, ironic comment on exploitation movies in general and De Palma seems to be saying: "Forget about movies like **Halloween**, and even **Dressed to Kill**—this is what *real* violence does to people. Its effects are for keeps . . ."

Well, so much for clever critical theories. I was obliged to junk the whole idea that **Blow Out** was the natural successor to **Dressed to Kill** when a **Starburst** colleague reminded me that the outline for **Blow Out** was published in a Canadian film magazine, *Take One*, as long ago as 1978, before he made **Dressed to Kill**



I immediately checked my back issues of this now sadly defunct magazine and, lo and behold, he was right—there it is in the January 1979 issue (actually published in November 1978), a 22 scene outline of the film that was to become **Blow Out**. It was printed for a competition organised by De Palma to discover new script-writing talent. Readers were invited to select one of the 22 scenes and write 10 pages of script around them. The winner was to get the chance of working with De Palma on the actual screenplay . . .

At that time De Palma had just made **The Fury** and was about to start work on **Prince of the City** with John Travolta, the film that Sydney Lumet ended up directing (and with Treat Williams in the Travolta role). De Palma instead went on to make **Dressed to Kill** and I presumed he'd decided to abandon the project he'd outlined in *Take One*. I forgot all about it until I re-read the piece in the magazine and was then struck by how closely **Blow Out** follows this original outline (notice, by the way, that whoever won the competition didn't get to work on the screenplay—De Palma takes sole screenplay credit).

There are changes—the characters and their backgrounds have been fleshed out (but not enough); the spoof horror film-within-the-film at the start has been blown up from a lone woman being attacked and murdered to a whole dormitory-full of scantily dressed

blow out





This spread: A series of scenes from the Brian De Palma directed *Blow Out*, starring John Travolta and Nancy Allen, coincidentally married to the director. Pictured below with Allen is the murderer Burke (played by John Lithgow).



female students being menaced by a heavy-breathing stranger (the movie is called *Co-ed Frenzy*); and the climax has been radically altered and enlarged—but basically it's the same plot.

John Travolta plays a sound effects man working for a film company that specialises in sleazy horror movies (the sort we're always reviewing here in *Starburst*) who goes out one night to record some eerie night sounds and sees a car plunge off a bridge into a river after an apparent tyre blow-out. He dives into the water and manages to rescue the girl passenger, Nancy Allen, but is unable to save the man who he later discovers is, or was, a potential candidate for the Presidency. He also discovers, via his tape recording, that a shot was fired just before the "accident" and that therefore he and the girl are witnesses to a political assassination. He then becomes drawn into a dual dilemma—how to convince the police that it was an assassination and how to protect the girl from the killer who is methodically destroying all the evidence and plans to conceal the true motive of her murder by making it seem like the random action of a homicidal maniac...

I enjoyed *Blow Out* very much but coming after *Dressed to Kill* I did find it a little disappointing. As a piece of film making you can't fault it but there is a distinct lack of any original content—instead it's yet another example of a young American film maker (I still rate De Palma as young) remaking another person's film. Not that De Palma tries to conceal this. His title *Blow Out* deliberately draws your attention to the fact that the film has been inspired by Antonioni's *Blow Up* which was about a photographer who discovers that he has accidentally photographed a murder (it also owes a small debt to Coppola's *The Conversation* but then that too was a reworking of *Blow-Up*).

I also felt that the story in *Blow Out* is a little thin to sustain the film that De Palma has built around it and at times the strain shows. And while John Travolta is very good in the lead role Nancy Allen doesn't work as well. In *Carrie* she was fine as a teenage, scheming bitch and in *Dressed to Kill* she was excellent as a tough, street-wise call girl but here she has to play a rather dumb, low-class prostitute and the role seems beyond her acting range. She just can't manage to convince you she's as stupid as the script makes her out to be and as a result some of her scenes with Travolta, like the early ones in the motel, are a little embarrassing. But she gets better as the movie progresses (oh, and I'm sorry all you fellow male chauvinist piggies out there but she doesn't make an appearance in that black underwear rig that helped make *Dressed to Kill* so memorable...)

But that said there is still a great deal to enjoy in *Blow Out*. As usual De Palma paces out the narrative with a series of magnificent set-pieces featuring bravura film-making at its most dazzling, such as the sequences leading up to the car crash with Travolta standing alone on the bridge and picking up the sinister sounds of the woods with his directional mike; the sequences in the Philadelphia railway station that culminate in the strangling of a prostitute in a toilet cubicle; and, of course, the climactic chase that extends through the subway and then into the chaos of the huge Liberty Day parade through Philadelphia (much of the latter had to be shot twice because the original footage disappeared from the film lab).

Blow Out may not be De Palma's best film to date but it's certainly the best thriller I've seen this year. And like all his movies it's a 'must see' if you have any real interest in the cinema.



the BEYOND



Italy's new "Master of Terror", Lucio Fulci is nothing if not prolific, in fact he seems to be their equivalent of a one-man Hammer studio at the moment. Since **Zombie Flesh eaters**, he has **City of The Living Dead**, **The Black Cat** and **The House Outside the Cemetery** awaiting release, and **The Ripper** soon to go into production.

While this seems to assure him of the "Master of Terror" title (vacated by the sadly missed Mario Bava) he really has yet to earn it. One still gets the impression that his films are mere excuses to serve up gruesome gore at regular five minute intervals. Having said all that, his latest film, **The Beyond**, is definitely his best yet, and while that really isn't saying a lot, it is a step in the right direction for all lovers of Italian Gothique.

Derivative of both **The Sentinel** and **The Shining**, the story concerns a young woman, Liza (Katherine MacColl, Fulci's protegee), who inherits a hotel in Louisiana only to find, a lot of bloody deaths later, that it's built on one of the Seven Gates of Hell. John (David Warbeck), a doctor from the neighbouring hospital, helps her in her investigations, but his fate is all too inextricably entwined with hers as they fend off the inevitable Fulci zombies from the morgue who eventually force them into the cellar and ultimately into **The Beyond**.

The plot isn't quite as straightforward as that, sometimes it is downright confusing especially as there is no time left at all for the main characters, and us, to keep track of how many victims there actually are. This lack of patience in the scripting is also reflected in the setting up of the chilling situations. Before tension has had a chance to build, Fulci zaps us with the visceral punchline, anxious to move onto the next. This is the criticism you can level at all of his recent films and while it is arguably what a certain sector of the audience wants, it is a shame that he feels he can't keep the narrative fully under control without resorting to this ploy. I suppose it is also a lot to do with Commercialism vs Art as well, and one does have to concede that it's this violent comic strip approach that makes his films the box office successes they are in Italy. A ten-year-old can buy Italian comics like 'Wallestein' and see the most amazing cartoons of a violent and sexual nature. It is precisely this sort of sensibility that Fulci appeals to. It is also what our censor feels he is here to protect us from and as a result,



Opposite Above: The warlock is tortured and crucified in the opening, precredits scene. This sequence will probably be removed from the British release print. Opposite below: The sightless Emily (Sarah Keller) has her throat torn out by her own guide dog, another scene that has been removed from the British version. Above left: During the climactic battle with the zombies, John (David Warbeck) shoots at this young girl, blowing away half her face — also cut from the British release. Above right: Liza (Katherine McCall) is pulled through a plate glass window by the zombies in the morgue. Below: This body in the morgue is soon to become a zombie . . . and walk again!

when *The Beyond* is released in Britain it will be minus a number of scenes like the opening pre-credits sequence where a warlock is tortured, crucified and burnt with acid. As such it is a scene very reminiscent of the opening of Bava's *Black Sunday/Revenge of the Vampire*—the censorship aspect highlighting once again how little times have changed.

Among other scenes that will be missing are a nail forced through the cranium and popping out an eyeball, some very convincing pipe cleaner spiders that take bites out of the victim's mouth and tongue and the climactic battle with the living dead where a young girl's head explodes. As you can see this sort of scene in the A-certificated *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, what's the big deal?

Fulci always has exquisite photography and a keen sense of atmosphere on his side, both fully in evidence here where Emily (Sarah Keller), a blind girl who has been warning Liza about the mysterious past of the hotel, finds herself cornered by zombies and is soon to be the victim of her own guide dog. This is one of the best sustained moments in the film and another is the actual depiction of *The Beyond*. It may not be everybody's idea of Hell but it is a beautifully realised vision.

So what we have in *The Beyond* is a competently made film, reasonably well acted, never boring, treading no new ground and following the old formulas too closely (spiced with the now fashionable quota of gore) to make any really serious claims on the affection of genre enthusiasts. And yet there is something lurking beneath the surface. *The Beyond* is the work of a talented but careless minor master. Like Riccardo Freda and Antonio Margheriti before him, Fulci has a lot of promise—only time will tell if that promise is fully realised.

By the way, Fulci has a small cameo in the film as the librarian.

Review by Alan Jones

The Beyond (1981)

Katherine McCall (*Liza*), David Warbeck (*John*), Sarah Keller (*Emily*). Directed by Lucio Fulci. Screenplay by Lucio Fulci, Giorgio Marluazzo and Dardano Sacchetti, Photographed by Sergio Salvati, Edited by Vincenzo Tomassi, Designed by Massimo Lentini, Music by Fabio Frizzi.

Time: 89 mins.



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DEAD AND BURIED



Review by Tony Crawley

I suppose, when you examine the genre in depth, most horror films are badly made, suffering not so much from low budgets (which can actually inspire film crews) but low talents (which inspire nothing and nobody). Oh, there have been certain majestic examples of the format. We can all enumerate the classics of the best days of Hammer, Corman, Clouzot, Carpenter and, lord help us, even De Palma. But I'm beginning to despair about today's horror vehicles. Each new model is so bad, it makes the last bad one look good. And that can't be right!

The standard, not helped by what should have been a *Shining* lead from Kubrick, is slipping deeper and deeper into a decline, a quagmire of effects over effect.

I despair even more so for any of the younger set who manages to beat the often Gestapo-like X-Certification scrutiny by box-office staff before being allowed to be parted from their money to see such sorry fare. Being newer to movies than some of us, they don't know they're being ripped off with substandard hokum in place of well conceived and orchestrated shockers. They're hoodwinked by ad hype which should be dealt with by the Trades Descriptions Act and truly believe that Friday



The 13th, etc., is horror at its best.

Now they (like me) will be attracted to *Dead and Buried* by one name among an extraordinary picturesque collection of credits... like Scott Ira Thaler, Dennis Barton Cloudia, or better still, will you welcome please, Zoltan Elek, Ziggy Geika... and an actress whose monicker matches my exact view of today's horror shows: Dottie Catching.

That one recognisable name writ large, no doubt, in the hype is that of an old friend, Dan O'Bannon. You'll find it stuck *closer than this* to that of Ronald Shusett. They wrote this script together. They also worked on *Alien* together. The comparison ends there. Shusett also produced this new outing, so whatever Dan's excuses are going to be this time, they have to be much closer to home than his *Alien* complaints. His partner was fully in charge.

And I'm sorry, Dan, but you need plenty of excuses to explain away the failure of this weak zombie effort. It's a fourth-form version of *Night and Day of the Living Dead* *Stepford Wives* and *Hubbies*, set in the inevitable Smalltown, USA, Potter's Bluff, they call it. (Potter's Bar wouldn't have saved it). Actually, the town is called Mendocino, which has seen far better days—in *East of Eden* and *Summer of '42*. But now the notice outside town reads, 'Welcome to Potter's Bluff. A New Way of Life.'

And that's called... death.

Visitors get wiped out in typically gory detail by the locals (they even film the killings) and the essential Roy Scheider type lawman doesn't know which end is up. We do, because we're let into the murky secret; rather too early, at that. The dead are undead. They're still walking the streets, working in town, populating it, in fact, and in very much better condition than when burnt, stoned or harpooned by the earlier deceased members of the friendly neighbourhood Zombie-Teachers Association.

We also see what's coming far too early on in this exercise. The fledgling director, Gary A. Shurman is no sure man. He's obviously out of his depth and cannot engender one iota of suspense, much less terror. He has no surprises at all (except preposterous ones) and tends to run for safety into Spielbergian lightshows.

Indeed, a better name for this township would be Duracell. I've never seen such bright torches. The sheriff's look like one of Luke's light-sabres as he hunts down the man he's knocked down. He leaves his severed arm on the car's radiator, fingers still twitching, and then smashes the lawman on the noddle, snatches back his missing limb and takes off into the night. Well, I suppose one does need a good torch after an experience like that.

Frankly, what we need is a director who understands the craft of film-making, and actors with more experience than one-liners



in tv commercials. Apart from Jack Albertson having the time of his life as the coroner-cum-caretaker (he arrives at murder sites with his car blaring out jazz instead of a siren), the rest of the cast must have been chosen because they are zombies.

Admittedly, they don't have much of a script to start with—five clichés to the bar on average. But when given an opportunity to improvise—as in the yawn-inducing scenes of a family of three ferreting around the exact kind of dark, spooky old house that anyone who has ever seen a horror film would never enter—they simply repeat the atrocious dialogue they began with. They sound like egg-bound parrots.

James Farentino is the sheriff. He's also in a different film, I think. Or he thinks. If it wasn't for the fact that he shares certain scenes with the rest of the cast, I'd swear he was inserted from a totally different movie. His lines prove so tacky ("What the hell is going on in this town?" "What kind of maniac is loose here?") that one presumes the whole thing is a send-up of the worst drive-in movies. Yet, Farentino is giving it all he's got, playing it straighter than his Simon Peter in *Jesus of Nazareth*.

He's so serious that the film gives in and follows his lead. The star (?) has some clout, perhaps. He was, after all, in the same tycoon's previous disaster, *The Final Countdown* (and still comes back for more?) and part of a reported \$6-million budget, ►



Above, left to right: Janet (Melody Anderson). Jack Albertson plays G. William Dobbs, the local mortician. James Farentino is Sheriff Dan Gillis. Christopher Allport, under Stan Winston's makeup, plays a very charred Freddie.

gotally absent from the screen, went to the gent listed in the credits as Mr Farentino's assistant. That's a Hollywoodism for gofer, I suppose. As in, Willy go for a better script...

Jack Albertson, at 71, has his own dialogue coach credited as well. (I make no apologies for reviewing the credits; they're far more interesting than the movie). I don't see why Albertson needed such help. He knows his job (remember TV's *Chico and The Man*, and Shelly Winter's hubby in *The Poseidon Adventure*?). And he's the only person giving a performance in this film. Of course, that could mean his coach is hot stuff. In that case, why didn't he help out everyone else?

Albertson is the film's saving grace, although I'd have preferred dear old Henry Jones in the role of this impeccably turned-out mortician. A certain G. William Dobbs.

Dobbs has a thing about beautifying his charges, particularly the really mangled ones delivered to his morgue. "I've replaced missing eyeballs with sawdust and glued the lids together. I've used aluminium combs for dentures. I've taken the back part of the scalp and brought it forward when the front was... missing. I've folded one hand over newspaper because the other hand had no fingers..."

He does much more than that, which is why Farentino is quizzing doctors about the possibility of reanimating the dead. Impossible? Not to Dobbs, as we see in one of the better (silent, you see) sequences when he strips down the battered face of a young girl hitchhiker, strips it right down to the bone and builds it up again, better than before. "It's an art. I'm an artist. Call it black magic, call it medical breakthrough. But I'll take my secret

to the grave." Except he's never going there. He keeps on reanimating himself...

So, where was I? Strangers get wasted, knocked over, stoned, harpooned, burnt to death. The burnt one is supposed to be the real ace shocker. He's upside down in his wrecked Volkswagen mini-bus when Dobbs arrives to check the body. Camera closes in on the disfigured head, one eye congealed like a badly fried egg... and the mouth suddenly opens and screams! He's still alive. Not for long. As our befuddled sheriff sits outside the hospital room discussing the case with the doctor, the deed is done. The teenage jail bait who turned on the guy at the beach, slips into his room and simply pierces the surviving eye (all we can see of him is his head to toe bandage kit) with a hypo.

You can't get much comes that that, I thought, wishing I had my radio with me so I could turn on some good jazz like Albertson.

From here on, the film rushes into self-immolation. That the dead are re-born is no surprise, given the clues from Albertson. That the sheriff's spouse (Melody Anderson from *Flash Gordon*) is one of them is hardly surprising, either. The sole surprise left up director Shurman's sleeve (or writer O'Bannon and Shusett's) comes at the end... and in case it looks like rain and you duck into a theatre to see this film, I won't divulge it. Except to say, it's a surprise only in that it's a fake, a cheat of a denouement, and finally ruins any remaining good will to be afforded the picture.

Director, producers, writers, actors, even *The Final Countdown* tycoon, Richard R. St Johns, run a poor second to Stan Winston's special make-up effects. They're good of their

kind, but the real horror here is that they were allowed to take over the movie. Effects of any kind, photographic, miniatures, mattes, robotics or as here, *maquillage*, should be designed to enhance a film, not to obliterate it. But not every film can afford Dick Smith.

Dead and Buried

(1981)

James Farentino (as Sheriff Dan Gillis), Melody Anderson (Janet), Jack Albertson (G. William Dobbs), Dennis Redfield (Ron), Nancy Locke Hauser (Linda), Lisa Blount (Lisa?), Robert Englund (Harry), Bill Quinn (Ernie), Michael Currie (Herman), Christopher Allport (Freddie), aka George Le Moynne, Joe Medalis (Dr Vanderbury), Lisa Marie (Hitchhiker), Estelle Omens (Betty), Barry Corbin, Linda Turley, Ed Bakey, Glenn Morshower, Robert Boler, Michael Pataki, Jill Fosse, Mark and Michael Courtney, Renee McDonell, Dottie Catching, Colbie Smith, Judy Aahlon.

Directed by Gary A. Shurman, Script by Ronald Shusett and Dan O'Bannon, from a story by Jeff Miller, Alex Stern, Photographed by Steve Poster, Music by Joe Renzetti, Make-up effects by Stan Winston, Make-up artists Zoltan Elek, Edouard Henriques, Vincent Prentice, sculptor James Kagel and special wigs by Ziggy Gelka, Special effects by Knott Limited, Edited by Alan Balsam, Sound by Bill Randall, Executive producer Richard R. St Johns, Associate producer Michael I. Rachmli, Produced by Ronald Shusett and Robert Fentress.

A Ronald Shusett Production for Avco Embassy U.S. release, reviewed at l'Empire screenings rooms, Paris, courtesy U.G.C.—Europe No. 1. distributors. French release title: *Reincarnations*. Time 94 mins

Cert: X

Below: A particularly nasty scene. Lisa Blount's character performs some unorthodox therapy on Freddie (Christopher Allport).





The Fox and the Hound

Review by Richard Holliss



This October sees the release of the new Walt Disney full-length animated film *The Fox and the Hound*. I had high hopes for this the studio's twentieth animated feature as it has been made almost entirely by a whole new group of young animators, some of whom had worked as assistants on the earlier cartoon feature *The Rescuers* (1977).

Apart from the occasional background that resembled a limited animation tv show, *The Rescuers* boasted strong storyline and confident character development. And this is precisely where the weaknesses of *The Fox and the Hound* lie.

Based on a book by Daniel P. Mannix, the story tells of Tod, a young fox who is befriended by Big Mama, the wise old owl. She recruits Dinky the sparrow and Boomer the woodpecker to help her guide the kindly Widow Tweed to the fox's hiding place. Widow Tweed adopts Tod, whilst her neighbour, Amos Slade the hunter, brings home Copper, a young hound pup.

Tod and Copper meet up and become the best of friends, although Chirp, Slade's old dog, is instructed to teach Copper about hunting the forest animals.





Gradually Copper realises that if he is to be what Slade wishes him to be, a hunting dog, then the friendship with Tod will have to end.

When Chief is injured during a chase, Tod is immediately blamed and although Widow Tweed takes him to the safety of a game reserve, Slade and Copper follow bent on killing him. In the reserve, Tod meets up with Vixey a female-fox and it's love at first sight. But the evil Amos Slade and Tod's new enemy Copper are close behind.

Certainly *The Fox and the Hound* manipulates the emotions extremely well. The story is taut and well-constructed, but the characters are, at times, shallow in comparison to some of the Disney studio's past array of screen personalities.

The two birds Boomer and Dinky for instance, although voiced amusingly enough by Paul Winchell and Dick Bakalyan respectively are mere sub-plot material, a kind of comedy relief. Pearl Bailey who speaks for the Big Mama, the wise old owl, however has a voice that I felt was unsuitable and seemed merely to play the part of Disneyland storyteller, nothing more. A pity this, Disney I'm sure could have developed the character ►





further than that, especially when you remember Archimedes in *The Bad News Bears*, the owl in *Bambi* or the panacea Wolf in the *Warner Bros.* cartoon.

The voices of Tod and Copper, two young animals, give a little less of a sense of comfort when they come up and Minky Rooney doesn't find Tod, whilst Kurt Russell speaks for Copper. I'm afraid I wouldn't have recognized their voices if the credits hadn't said so.

However, there are some pitifulous jokes from Chief, a dog's true comical style. With Pat Buttram's yokel-like voice, the animators have a hard day with our delightful old character. The other character in the film to make her mark is the character Squawks the crow, who proves that a star-voice is not necessarily the answer to depth of character. He's certainly a lot more fun to watch than Big Mama, Boomer or Dinky, especially when he takes on a new look at the picture's climax. Sandy Duncan's voice is perfect for Vixey, the female fox, who unlike Faline in *Bambi*, has a more modern elegance with which to win Tod's affection.

Of course, it is inevitable that audiences and critics will compare

Top: Tod makes moves when he is captured by Chief, the friendly dog, and is forced to track down his human friend. Above: Chief, the friendly dog, is forced to track down his human friend. Top right: Gorman, the pig, is forced to track down his human friend. Bottom: P. Gorman and Dinky trap the caterpillar Squawks at the top of a tallish pole.





The Fox and the Hound to Bambi. Its natural settings tend to echo Bambi's although unlike those of Felix Salten's classic story, the humans in *The Fox and the Hound* play equally important roles. In *Bambi*, we constantly hear about Man's invasion of the forest, but never actually see the humans. The story was told purely from the animal's viewpoint. This anthropomorphism worked well, whereas in the new film in the story continually jumps back and forth between the human and animal voices. This story treatment occurs in numerous other Disney films, amongst them *Dumbo*, *Lady and the Tramp* and the *101 Dalmatians*. The humans come across as caricatures, whilst the animals appear more "real" in comparison. In *Song of the South* and *The Jungle Book*, the reverse is true, the animals actually speak to the humans and vice versa, but all the time underlying a fantasy element. In *The Fox and the Hound* there is a strive for realism that seriously prevent this idea from working well.

The studio's desire to make their human characters more lifelike over the years is certainly achieved in Amos Slade and it is easy to forget that you are watching a Disney cartoon. In fact this

attitude haunts the conclusion of the picture, when the animators bring on the bear, a giant red-eyed creature that makes the critter in *Grizzly* a few years back look rather tame. With a superb animated waterfall as background the fight with the bear is the climax of the picture and yet unfortunately the only climax that *The Fox and the Hound* has to offer.

It is the animation in scenes such as this that at times seem better than anything tried before, although the sequences with the fire in the burrow tended to evoke memories of *Watership Down*, rather than the beautifully-drawn panic generated by Faline and her mate in *Bambi* during the forest fire. Some shots appear to be slightly out of focus and I don't think it was my eyesight. There is even one scene of a waterfall in the moonlight, which apart from the odd sliver of light on its surface appears to be quite motionless. The multiplane camera used for the opening sequence in *The Fox and the Hound*, although again reminiscent of a similar scene in *Bambi*, is most effective.

It is good to see that total control of the film has not left the hands of some of Disney's veteran animators. Wolfgang Reitherman responsible in the past for ➤



many classic sequences in Disney films acts as co-producer. It is also refreshing to see Frank Thomas, Ollie Johnston and Cliff Nordberg overseeing the new talent. All three are top Disney animators and have worked on the cream on the studios output. Effects animator Jack Boyd and his team of specialists have created some nice effects for *The Fox and the Hound*, especially the thunderstorm. Most Disney full-length cartoons contains a thunderstorm, but the handling of this one is quite different to all the rest.

Music and songs always play an important part in Disney features. *The Fox and the Hound* is no exception, but sadly most of the songs are instantly forgettable apart from *A Huntin' Man* by Jim Stafford and *Goodbye May Seem Forever* by Jeffrey Patch and Richard Rich. Accompanied by some sensitive animation, the latter will result in hardly a dry eye in the house.

Although *The Fox and the Hound* is the only Disney animated feature for four years, the studios are already making plans to change this. A Disney school of Animation is to be opened, which will be designed to pool the talents of young artists and according to its director Ed Hansen will mean an overlapping time schedule allowing two animated features to be worked on simultaneously thus cutting the gap between features down to two years. It should be possible. The Disney studios achieved it in the early forties, turning out five major animated features in seven years, plus a host of shorts and documentaries. Disney are also opening their doors to new talent. Women animators! Now some of the wielders of brush and pencil will be attractive young ladies in what up to recently had been an almost exclusively male field.

The Disney studio has been going through quite a shake-up in recent years. Whether it may have been forced upon the Studio by the movie-going public, it seems to be facing the Eighties by underplaying the Disney name. *The Black Hole* is a good example of this and although it came a little too late to a screen already crammed with *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters* imitators it boasted a sophistication of film-making that Disney has displayed in the past with such success — *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, for instance. The laser effects in *The Black Hole* were far superior in their execution to the sometimes sloppy superimpositions of *Star Wars* and its ilk.

With the studio's most ambitious cartoon feature in the works, a sword and sorcery epic called *The Black Cauldron*, *The Fox and the Hound* is a kind of an experiment. It is certainly a promising one, if a little disappointing after what we have come to expect from the Disney studios. However, I recommend a visit to *The Fox and the Hound*, so you may judge for yourself.

This page: A selection of scenes from the latest Disney animation film *The Fox and the Hound*. The movie marks the return of quality to the Disney feature-length cartoons.



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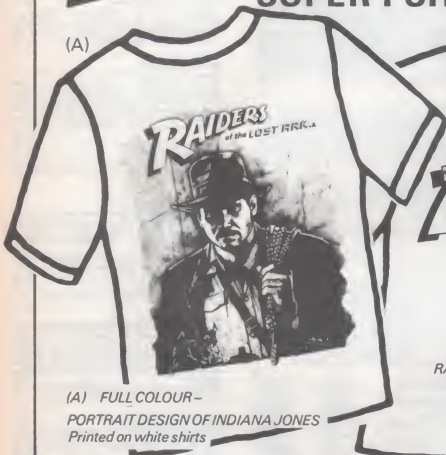
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As the big controversy continues over the way in which women are portrayed in the media the time is ripe for a penetrating, searching article that will examine in-depth the exploitation of women by the fantasy genre and how this has helped to reinforce the traditional image of Women As Victim.

However this article is not it.

On the contrary it's nothing more than an excuse for me to present photographs of may favourite screen fantasy women in hazardous situations, an exercise in male chauvinist titillation, pure and simple, so I advise any feminists present to stop right here, shut their eyes and leave as soon as possible.

But seriously folks, women have been treated pretty badly in the sf and fantasy genre over the years, particularly in the past. It started back in the heyday of the pulps when no cover on science fiction or fantasy magazine was complete without a scantily-dressed girl being mansed by some Bug-Eyed Monster. There was usually only one thing that distinguished the two genres—on the sf covers the girl wore a bra made of metal (brass was, for some reason, very popular with the artists) while on the fantasy covers sea shells performed the same function. This one difference probably sums up the gulf between the two genres in, so to speak, a nutshell.

The message you get from all these old covers is that no matter how bizarre and unhuman an alien from outer space may appear that all have one thing in common—an overwhelming desire to get their tentacles or claws around the flesh of an Earth woman. Apparently, Earth women possess an

attractiveness that transcends all the sexual barriers between different species and is capable of luring aliens from all corners of the universe. Even aliens that consist of nothing but brains in glass bell jars with mechanical legs are driven into mad lust at the sight of an Earth woman in a brass bra and can't wait to carry them back to their space ships. Now you'd think women would be flattered by the idea that they are so attractive to such a wide range of life forms. But the feminists don't see it that way. They claim that such covers and their contemporary manifestations are disgusting examples of the way the male-dominated media exploits women. It's all very strange.

The traditional sf pulp image of a woman in the clutches of some Bug-Eyed monster (BEM) was carried over into the cinema during the sf movie boom of the 1950s though often the scene that appeared on the publicity material wasn't actually in the movie. This too was a continuation of a pulp magazine tradition—you could read every page searching for the incident illustrated on the cover and not find it. Many a pimply-faced adolescent back in the 30s and 40s, after buying the magazine and hiding it from his mother, must have been bitterly disappointed to discover that the brain in the glass wasn't really interested in tearing the brass bra off some swooning girl but had arrived on Earth for some dull, prosaic reason, like world conquest.

One of my favourite BEM & Girl shots that never appeared in the actual movie is this one from *The Monster That Challenged the World*, a 1957 cheapo production that was a kind of primitive prototype for *Jaws*. The

monsters doing the challenging were nothing more than giant snails and so didn't really present much of a threat to the world (the picture should have been called *The Monster That Challenged the World Very Slowly*) but for monsters in a poverty-row production they looked impressive, as you can see from this still. The monster is having trouble holding onto the girl (*Mimi Gibson* because his little legs are almost non-existent but he certainly looks as if he's having a good time (the expression on his face reminds me of Les Dawson's...))

The shot from *I Married a Monster from Outer Space* (ah, they knew how to write titlles in those days!) also didn't appear in the actual film as there was, unfortunately, no confrontation scene between the man (Tom Tryon) and the monster who replaces him on the day before his wedding. Unaware of the deception, poor Gloria Talbot, seen here as the swooning bride, goes off on her honeymoon with a creature that resembles a diseased tree trunk under its clever Tom Tryon disguise.

The aliens claim they're forced to breed with Earth women because all their females have died off back home but I've always been a bit suspicious of this explanation. My bet is that they simply found the idea of making love to Earth women more appealing than messing around with females that looked like them, i.e. diseased tree trunks. In my opinion these aliens were nothing but a bunch of interplanetary philanderers (and probably suffering from Dutch Elm Disease too) who deserved all they got at the end of the picture.

As such this is probably one of the first sf movies with an explicit feminist message—



don't trust men, girls, particularly then you marry. They may look like Tom Tryon on the outside but underneath it all they're nothing but diseased tree trunks.

But enough sociological theorising, let's move onto specific personalities. First off is one of my favourite fantasy women of the distant 1960s, Raquel Welch, seen here in the grip of a pterodactyl in this scene from **One Million Years BC**. No sexual connotations here—the monster just intends feeding her to its young so that's okay.

This movie, and **Fantastic Voyage**, served to launch Ms Welch's career in a big way though she had appeared in other films before that, her first one being the 1964 Elvis Presley vehicle **Roustabout**. Since then she's stayed away from genre movies unless you count her cameo role in **Bedazzled** (she played Lust) and the bizarre **Myra Breckinridge**. Forty one years old now (gee, that makes me feel old) she's still trying to get away from the sex symbol image and establish herself as a serious actress. I guess articles like this don't help any...

Someone else who came to public attention by being picked up by a monster is Jessica Lange who starred in the 1976 remake of **King Kong**. Both Kong and I were pretty impressed with her at the time though her lack of acting experience was in evidence (she was a model before getting the part in **Kong**). After Kong dropped out of her life she dropped out of the spotlight too but then turned up as Death in Bob Fosse's **All That Jazz** and has since proved she can now act now with her powerful performance in the remake of **The Postman Always Rings Twice**.

Ah, here's another fantasy woman from my movie-going days back in the 1960s—Candice Bergen (sigh). I first noticed her in 1966 in **The Sand Pebbles**, her first movie, which explains why I hadn't noticed her before. In the shot we have here she is apparently being persuaded by director Michael Cacoyannis to do something she doesn't want to do—like stay on the picture. The picture was **The Day the Fish Came Out**, an end-of-the-world story that I liked when I first saw it in 1968 but when I saw it a brief two years later it had dated dreadfully and Ms Bergen was the only thing in it worth watching.

She hasn't made any genre movies since then apart from **The Magus** referred to as a genre movie. The movie got a critical thumbs-down when it came out but I enjoyed it at the time. Of course Ms Bergen's presence might have had something to do with that.

Candice is the daughter of the late Edgar Bergen, famous ventriloquist of the 30s and 40s, and as a result had a curious childhood, growing up with her father's two dummies, Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd who had their own separate rooms in the Bergen household. With a background like that it's probably no surprise that she's steered clear of fantasy movies...

And now onto another Candy—the delightful Candy Clark, here seen in the grip of David Bowie in **The Man Who Fell to Earth** (1976). The situation is a switch on the traditional alien/Earth woman one—here it is the woman who is lusting after the body of the alien, who finally can't cope with her physical and emotional demands and reveals his true form to her in an attempt to dampen her desire (though even this doesn't faze her for long).

Candy is a graduate of the George Lucas stock company and made her first film appearance in his **American Graffiti**. Since then she's co-starred in Michael Winner's awful remake of **The Big Sleep**, and if it hadn't been for her nude scenes in that / would have slept through the whole thing (tsk, tsk, I do



sound like a rotten old male chauvinist, don't I, listeners?) She reprised her original Graffiti role in **More American Graffiti** and I'm sure we'll be seeing a lot more of her in years to come, though probably not as much as we saw in **The Big Sleep**...

Next we go to one of my favourite fantasy women on the 1970s, Jessica Harper, who made a big splash in my consciousness with her role as Phoenix in Brian De Palma's **Phantom of the Paradise** (1974). She has a kind of quirky, off-beat beauty (which is not exactly apparent in this shot from **Suspria**) and a marvellously husky voice. It was partly on the strength of her powerful singing voice that De Palma cast her as the singer in **Phantom** after spotting her in some stage show (*Hair*, I think).

Since then she's kept mainly to genre movies, like **Suspria**, **The Evictors** (no, this is not about a group of bailiffs who return from the dead and chuck people out of their houses) and the sequel to **The Rocky Horror Show**—**Shock Treatment**. She was also seen, and I do mean seen, in the erotic and very

amusing John Byrum film **Inserts** and in Woody Allen's **Stardust Memories** (and has subsequently been seen in the company of Mr Allen in various New York nightspots—no fool he...)

Gayle Hunnicutt has lived and worked in Britain for so long now that one tends to think of her as a British actress. Her acting style is certainly more British than American and her cool elegance and upper class poise enhances this image. Looking at her 1969 horror movie, the tacky **Eye of the Cat** it's harder to accept her in the role of the murderous hairdresser, and even harder to accept her as a Hell's Angel, which she was in Corman's **Wild Angels**, her film debut.

The scene we have here is from **The Legend of Hell House**, shortly before the evil presence in the house turns her into a raving nymphomaniac. All it needed to convey the transformation was a change of expression in her eyes and a film of moisture on her upper lip. Ms Hunnicutt with a sweaty upper lip can generate more of an erotic charge than most other actresses can manage stark naked...



Top row, left to right: Raquel Welch in her first starring role, *One Million Years B.C.*; Pamela Franklin as she appeared in *The Legend of Hell House*; Jane Seymour yells her lunch order on *Sinbad and the Eya of the Tiger*; Centre row, left to right: Jessica Lange in the remake of *King Kong*; Candice Bergen with director Michael Cacoyannis in *The Day the Fish Came Out*; Gayle Hunnicutt in *The Legend of Hell House*; Barbara Bach in the Bath for is that Barbara Bach in the Bath? Bottom row, left to right: Candy Clark in *The Man Who Fell to Earth*; Jessica Harper in *Suspense*; Jennie Agutter in something or other (actually *The Eagle Has Landed*, but that's not fantasy!) Amy Irving in *The Fury*.



Speaking of naked actresses, let's move over to Barbara Bach in the bath. After messing about in the Italian cinema for a while this American actress came to prominence in *The Spy Who Loved Me* playing a Russian spy. She looked very nice but she played a Russian spy about as well as Roger Moore plays James Bond (come to think of it, they were well suited to each other). After appearing in the silly *Force Ten From Navarone* with Harrison Ford, which this bath shot is from, she has made mainly genre movies, like *Hermanoid and Cavernan* (parodying Raquel Welch in the latter) and has still to convince me she can act. Better stay in the bath, Ms Bach, it's your best bet.

Okay, bring on the next naked actress! Good lord, it's the beautiful Jane Seymour, reacting here to something that Ray Harryhausen added to the scene months later. I've got to confess I'm not a great admirer of Ms Seymour but my noble editor is and threatened to burn my autographed photo of Amy Irving unless I included her.

Actually she deserves to be included on the

strength of all the genre films she's appeared in. After a lot of work on British tv her first big movie role was in *Live and Let Die* as the psychic heroine Solitaire (I thought she was pretty wet in the role but who am I to make such judgements?) She played one of the creatures in the tv production of *Frankenstein—the True Story*, co-starred in *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger* and then turned up as Christopher Reeve's great love in *Somewhere in Time*. As I write this she's appearing in the tv version of *East of Eden*, much to the delight of our illustrious editor.

We move over now to a fully dressed Jenny Agutter (sorry chaps) who is one of those rare actresses to successfully make the transition from child performer to adult star. She was 12 years old when she made her first screen appearance in, of all things, a Charles H. Schneer potboiler called *East of Sudan*. The *Monthly Film Bulletin* said of it: "Nathan Juran could direct this kind of thing blindfold, and for once would appear to have done so."

One short year after she starred in the classic childrens' story *The Railway Children*

in 1970 Ms Agutter was to be seen running around the Australian outback in a skimpy schoolgirl's uniform that got skimpier as the film progressed. The film was, of course, Nicolas Roeg's fascinating *Walkabout* and as Roeg is unable to make a movie that doesn't contain a strong undercurrent of eroticism she has him to thank for proving to audiences that her fresh-faced 'English rose' style of beauty can be harnessed to generate a unique kind of sexuality. If not for him she'd probably still be playing innocent little girl roles even though she has reached the ripe old age of 29 (and that makes me feel even older...)

She wasted in the dreadful *Logan's Run*, along with everyone else, but from all accounts she's great in her latest genre movie, *An American Werewolf in London*. I can't wait... (see review this issue—Editor).

Another child actress who grew up to become a very attractive young woman is Pamela Franklin, seen here suffering the aftermath of being sexually assaulted by an invisible ghost (that's not the invisible ghost on the left, that's just Roddy McDowall) in *The Legend of Hell House*. She made her film debut at the age of 12 in *The Innocents*, the movie version of the classic Henry James ghost story *Turn of the Screw*. The next thing I knew she was posing in the nude for Robert Stephens in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*. I was quite shocked but then I realized that even though she was playing a schoolgirl she was by then already 20 years old so I didn't post off my outraged letter to Mary Whitehouse.

The following year she starred in the lacklustre Brian Clemens thriller *And Soon the Darkness* (1970) co-written by Terry Nation and directed by Robert (Dr Phibes) Feust, which didn't seem to assist her career in any appreciable way. She then made the mistake of getting involved with the king of schlock horror movies, Bert I. Gordon, and appeared in one of his typical movies, *Necromancy* in 1972. After making the classier *Hell House* she then did another Gordon fiasco, the ridiculous *Food of the Gods* (according to the credits it's only based on a "portion" of the original H.G. Wells novel). Mr Gordon's talent for writing dialogue hadn't improved since he scripted things like *The Amazing Colossal Man* back in 1958 and at one point during the proceedings when a pack of giant rats are chewing their way through the front door poor Ms Franklin has to cope with the following immortal exchange with co-star Marjoe Gortner: "This may be a bad time, but there's something on my mind," she says. "What?" he asks, watching the door shudder under the impact of several giant rats. "I want you to make love to me," she replies. Not surprisingly, little has been seen of her since that film. Occasionally she pops up in American tv shows but she's obviously not enjoying the success she deserves.

So come back, Pamela, all is forgiven! We've forgotten all about *Food of the Gods*! And now, my all time favourite film fantasy woman (at least for this year), the unbelievably gorgeous Amy Irving, seen here being menaced by John Cassavetes as the evil Childress in *The Fury*. Ms Irving comes from an acting family (her mother, Priscilla Pointer, is also an actress and has a small part in *Carrie* playing Ms Irving's mother...) and had a great deal of stage experience before making her film debut in *Carrie*. This came about as a result of auditioning for *Star Wars*, presumably for the Princess Leia part. The audition didn't go very well as George Lucas was being his usual shy self and couldn't even look at her (this conjures up the amusing image of Lucas auditioning actresses while ➤

hiding under his desk or standing in a corner with his face to the wall) but sitting in on the audition, to lend Lucas moral support during his "ordeal," was Brian De Palma. He not only looked at Ms Irving but offered her a supporting role in *Carrie* (whew, what a cast that movie had... Sissy Spacek, Amy Irving, Nancy Allen—now De Palma's wife—and John Travolta).

De Palma then gave her the starring role in *The Fury*, a film that did badly at the box office for some strange reason. I think it's a great movie, a sensuous *tour de force* (De Palma has to be the most *sensual* film maker ever!) and Ms Irving is magnificent in it.

To date *The Fury* was her last genre movie. Since then she seems to have been concentrating on movies with a musical theme, such as *The Competition* in which she played a classical pianist, and *Honeysuckle Rose* where she plays a Country & Western singer and guitarist. No doubt she will next turn up in a movie about lesbian cello players or freelance bongo players. Oh well, as long as she turns up in something...

The woman who comes a close second in my favourite fantasy score card is the striking Sigourney Weaver who shot to fame in *Alien* in a part originally written (it is said) for a *man*. After behaving very manfully throughout most of the movie she got to exhibit a bit of old fashioned cheese-cake at the end when she peels off in preparation for her suspended animation chamber, not realizing that she is sharing her escape vehicle with the alien.

Coming as it did after two hours of sexless, remorseless tension, her slow, languorous strip down to a functional pair of briefs and army-issue tee-shirt had more of an erotic charge than such a sequence would have had in different circumstances (though I suppose we could argue about that). It certainly had a stunning effect on the monster—where previously he'd been leaping about with the speed of a gazelle the sight of Ms Weaver in her underpants reduces him to sluggish inaction, thus enabling her to blow him out of the airlock without much difficulty...

A former stage actress and the daughter of a high-ranking American tv executive her first movie appearance was in Woody Allen's *Annie Hall* (he sure can pick them). But you really have to look hard to spot her—she appears only in a brief long-shot outside a cinema with Allen towards the end of the picture. She did have other scenes but they ended up on the proverbial cutting room floor during the drastic editing stages. Since *Alien* she's made *Eyewitness*, a Peter Yates thriller co-starring William (Altered States) Hurt. Originally it was called *The Janitor Does Not Dance* but when it finally gets released here it will be called just *the Janitor* (as *Eyewitness* it didn't do very well in the States). It had better hurry up and get here, we Siggy fans are getting restless...

The tasteful shot of the girl in the boat wearing the unusual ornament on, or rather *through*, her chest is one I couldn't resist including. It's from Ken Russell's tv film *Clouds of Glory* and the girl is none other than the beautiful Kika Markham (who is also a political activist and rabid feminist who would hate to be included in an article like this so *please* don't show her this issue). Kika has worked mainly on British tv (I first saw her in that Dennis Potter play about the writer who discovers he's living in one of his own stories—you know the one I mean) but you can see her in *Outland* playing Sean Connery's wife, though unfortunately the bulk of her performance is restricted to a videotape recording.

Finally we come to a newcomer among my fantasy women—the gutsy Karen Allen from *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. One of her early film



roles was in *Cruising* but her part in that was drastically cut before the film's release, leaving her with little to do but wonder worriedly why boyfriend Al Pacino keeps dressing up in leather gear and leaving her on her lonesome.

In *Raiders* her role is a kind of parody on all those women in pulp magazines and old films who's purpose is to just stand around looking decorative. At the start of the movie she's a macho type in pants but as the story progresses she's first reduced to wearing a flimsy evening dress that gets shorter all the

time, and from the ship-board sequences onward all she gets to wear is a diaphanous night gown with, as was evident in at least one scene, nothing underneath it. I hope the feminists got the joke, but I suspect they didn't...

And speaking of the feminists, what's that angry sound coming this way? Good Lord, it's a giant... *thing*! I know I wanted titillation but this is ridiculous!

Oh no, it's coming right at me...

Aargghhhh...

[illegible]

AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON

JOHN BROSNAN LOOKS AT THE NEW FILM FROM *BLUES BROTHERS* DIRECTOR JOHN L. MCDONALD



Top left: A scene from the harrowing dream sequence. A bizarre monster in a Nazi uniform stabs Alex (Jenny Agutter) to death before the horrified eyes of David Keir (David Naughton). Top right: David Keir, beginning his painful transformation into his werewolf state. Above: From the opening minutes of the film, in the horror movie style, David and his companion Jack Goodman (Griffen Dunne) stray from the road onto the moor, despite the warnings of the local villagers. Inset right: An undercover werewolf that tries to persuade his werewolf friend David to commit suicide for the good of all. Far right: Griffen Dunne is made up for his role as the undead Jack.

This is a revolutionary movie. It pushes the art of the horror movie out into new areas. It pulls off the difficult trick of revitalising the genre while parodying at the same time. It is, as director John Landis promised it would be both funny and scary. And, as an extra bonus, it is also a splendid satire on life in contemporary England as seen through the eyes of an American.

All in all it's a damn good movie but one with, as far as I'm concerned, a single serious flaw. But we'll get to that later.

The plot concerns two young Americans, David Kessler (*David Naughton*) and Jack Goodman (*Griffin Dunne*) who are on a hiking tour of Europe. Deciding to get the worst over first they are trekking across the bleak English moors while looking forward to reaching Italy. But, after visiting a pub called 'The Slaughtered Lamb' where the atmosphere is so thick with menace the barman can't reach the dashboard, their journey comes to an end. They are attacked by 'something' on the lonely moor. Jack is killed and David badly injured.

He wakes up in a London hospital to find himself being looked after by a nurse called Alex, who looks remarkably like Sherry Netherland (*Tracy Ullman*). This is the only direct hint he receives as to the film's entire

movie. Then he starts having nightmares which culminate in the appearance within his hospital room of his friend Jack. Jack does not look well — which is understandable considering that he is dead. He tells David he has become one of the Undead, a state he will remain in until the last of the werewolf line is destroyed. And David is it. So would he please be a nice guy and kill himself? Preferably before the next full moon.

David naturally presumes that he is

These days the idea of someone turning into a werewolf has become something of a joke. It's the stuff of old Universal movies.

loosing his personal collection of marbles but is not so crazy that he turns down Alex's invitation to move into her flat. They become lovers but David's happiness is disrupted by another appearance from his dead friend, now looking like something out of a can of pet food (one of the cheaper brands). He repeats his warning but again David presumes he's having an hallucination. Then, the next evening, the inevitable happens... and a werewolf is loose in

London, prowling around Chelsea first before moving down into the underground system where he attacks one victim in a deserted tube station.

David wakes up the following morning in the London zoo (shades of *Altered States*) and faced with the problem of getting back to Alex's flat without any clothes. Later he sees a newspaper and realises the truth about himself. He tries to kill himself but fails, then sees Jack again — beckoning him into a porno cinema in Piccadilly Circus.

Inside we see that Jack has reached the final stages of decomposition, looking even worse than the usual patrons of these places, though he sounds his normal laconic self. He introduces David to all his victims from the previous night. They too have joined the ranks of the Undead and are all anxious for him to do the Right Thing, suggesting ways he might kill himself most efficiently. But it's too late — David is about to turn into a werewolf again, right there in the cinema in the middle of Piccadilly Circus...

These days the idea of someone turning into a werewolf has become something of a joke. It's the stuff of old Universal movies — the ones everyone laughs at on tv as poor old Lon Chaney Jrn gets progressively hairier. But what Landis does in his movie is say — right, we all know it's a joke but just imagine ▶





AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON

> continued

what would happen if you were forced to accept it as being true even though you didn't want to. The central character in *American Werewolf* knows he's in an absurd situation straight out of a Lon Chaney film but that doesn't help him. Or the audience.

What Landis does is to take the imagery of the EC horror comics and thrust it straight into your face. Your first reaction is to laugh at it, and you do, but when it persists in staying there you have to accept it for what it is, as does the character in the movie. The scenes involving the dead friend best illustrate this technique. The fact that Jack looks like something out of *The Night of the Living Dead* is one thing but what gives these scenes their unique resonance is the calm, matter-of-fact way he talks and behaves. He is simply *there*, thus the horror is generated on a different level than that in *Night of the Living Dead*. A living corpse that sits around making bad jokes doing banal things like playing with Mickey Mouse toys or just scratching its nose (what's left of it) as this one does is much more horrifying than one that lurches around snarling at you.



Landis's method of introducing his horror into the real, everyday world is similar to that used by Bunuel in *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* where at any moment the security blanket of "safe reality" is likely to be pulled away from under the audience's feet. Landis even uses the dream-within-a-dream structure at one point in the movie in much the same way that Bunuel did in *Discreet Charm* . . . These sequences not only build up on one of the biggest shock moments in *American Werewolf* but ensure from then on that the audience won't be able to distinguish nightmare from reality.

These remarkable sequences begin with a typical middle-class American family watching the Muppets on tv. Suddenly their cosy home is invaded by creatures wearing Nazi costumes but with faces made out of very old yoghurt who immediately start slaughtering them all with guns and knives. The monsters are, of course, absurd but at the same time frightening because of their obvious physical reality. This plays on the old childhood fear about imaginary monsters suddenly taking on physical form — an ever-present possibility when you're a child and don't have an adult's ability to separate the real from the unreal (or at least what they *hope* is real and

unreal . . .).

Some of the impact of the movie has, admittedly, been undermined by the prior release of *The Howling* which uses similar transformation techniques. But even though I like *The Howling* a lot I think Landis's film is superior. *The Howling* is a much less ambitious film and while it's very funny its humour springs mainly from in-jokes for horror fans whereas the humour in *American Werewolf* works on different levels. Also the transformation scene in *The Howling* was its one big set-piece while the one in *Werewolf* doesn't have the same central importance to the movie even though it's just as technically accomplished. However I will admit I find the full-grown werewolves in *The Howling* more impressive than the one in *Werewolf*. In the long-shots that latter simply resembles a large dog (or bear), and I wasn't too impressed by the way it moved either. (I presumed it was an actor on all-fours but have since been told it was a mechanically operated dummy.) The two-legged creatures in *The Howling* were much more sinister and supernatural in appearance — once you show a monster on all-fours it becomes nothing but an ordinary animal, no matter how potentially dangerous it may be. Even so I don't think this flaw seriously damages ➤



Opposite top: The villagers from the *Slaughtered Lamb* public house set out across the moors to save the two American tourists David Kessler (David Naughton) and Jack Goodman (Griffin Dunne). Opposite below left: David Kessler begins his horrific transformation into a werewolf. Opposite below right: David's friend Jack Goodman returns as an undead, mutilated corpse to persuade Jack to take his own life and end the curse of the werewolf. Above left: From a terrifying dream sequence, a Nazi monster sprays lead around David's living room. Above right: One of the Nazi monsters in close-up. Mmmm, nice! Top: Director John Landis. Overleaf top: Griffin Dunne is made up for his part as Jack Goodman. Overleaf below: David Kessler awakens after a night of bloody destruction in the wolf cage at London Zoo.

the movie as Landis wisely keeps the shots of it as brief as possible, making it seem more of an evil presence rather than a physical creature.

One of Landis's biggest achievement is the way he uses the English settings, particularly the London ones. Most American film makers who work in England just exploit the scenery and locales as quaint backdrops for the action but Landis obviously knows the place well. One also gets the feeling he's not exactly wild about life here. During the course of *Werewolf* he accurately hits a whole series of targets, like the chilly atmosphere you find in small country pubs when you're a stranger, the seedy chaos of British hospitals, the joys of travelling on the London underground, British tv (Landis sums up the state of tv here when the hero turns on a set and gets a test pattern on one channel, a darts match on another and an ad for *The News of the World* on the third) and

the general sleaziness of central London these days, especially in the Piccadilly area where the film's climax takes place. It also rains a lot in the picture and so it gave me a strange feeling to walk out of the cinema at the end into a dreary, wet London that looked as if it had been lit

After spending the whole movie subverting the cliches of werewolf movies, Landis then ends it very abruptly with one of the oldest cliches in the genre.

by the same lighting cameraman . . .

The sensation of still being in the movie was increased when I saw a newspaper placard reading: 13 HURT IN LONDON BUS CRASH — having just seen on the screen a double decker bus crashing in Piccadilly Circus when the werewolf

emerges into the street. I hurried faster than usual to my customary drinking place, looking over my shoulder all the way. I think that's a sure sign of a successful horror movie.

But as for the serious flaw I mentioned at the beginning of the review, I'm afraid it's the ending. After spending the whole movie subverting the cliches of werewolf movies Landis then goes and ends it very abruptly with one of the oldest cliches of all in the genre. It's disappointing because you expect something more — an extra twist or surprise.

A Starburst colleague tells me that he pointed this out to Landis and got the reply, "It's only people over 40 who don't like the ending." Well, I've got news for him, it goes for us over-30s as well, and all the other age groups too. But it's the only thing that spoils an otherwise great movie so I think we can forgive him this one lapse. ●



The Men from Del Floriás

A RETROSPECTIVE LOOK AT THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.

TELEVISION SERIES BY TISE VAHIMAGI.

"Mr Solo had a dark heavy face, gloomy with the knowledge of much guilt and many sins. He was a big, chunky man, half boxer, half head waiter, and it was quite impossible to tell what was on his mind or where his strength lay. But there is only one head of the Mafia in America and, if Mr Solo had the job, he had got it by strength out of terror."

This was the first "Mr Solo", as envisaged by author Ian Fleming for his 1959 novel, *Goldfinger*. When United Artists released the film version in 1964 the part was played by English actor Martin Benson.

The more famous Mr Solo was introduced the same year as the film, in the television series *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* which premiered via America's NBC-TV network on September 22. The character, now a secret agent named Napoleon Solo, was played by Robert Vaughn.

The *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* story begins during the early 1960s, from a lunch meeting attended by author Ian Fleming, MGM executive Norman Felton, and an NBC executive. NBC were looking for a new series, an Ian Fleming-created series, which would help sell the show. Apparently, Fleming and Felton quickly invented a series on the spot, implying that they already had something in the works. Fleming revived the name Solo, and Felton added the other name, Napoleon.

That's all they had between them, but the NBC exec quickly leapt on this, wanting more. If they came through with an outline, a blueprint for a series NBC would immediately order the first 26 episodes of Solo. The NBC man left with his hopes running high while Fleming and Felton wondered what to do next.

Fleming was to produce the Solo outline on his return to London but, when nothing came through, Felton quickly produced a short draft which outlined the workings of a CIA-like agent who was in close communication with the President. It was around this time that writer-producer Sam Rolfe was brought into the picture. Rolfe, who had previously co-created and produced the *Have Gun—Will Travel* series and was now working on *The Eleventh Hour* series under Felton's executive aegis, expanded the short outline into an 80-page prospectus, complete with other key characters and a number of storylines for future episodes.

Felton was delighted with Rolfe's work and immediately flew to London to bring Fleming back into the picture. Unfortunately, Fleming was unable to work on the project because, at the time, he was contractually locked in with the Harry Saltzman company on the James Bond movies and could not be involved in any other, similar projects. His only contribution was to be the title Solo—and

even this had to be changed later due to copyright restrictions.

Nevertheless, back in California, Felton sold the series idea to NBC—despite the fact that it was now "developed" by Sam Rolfe and that Ian Fleming was not involved—with the title changed to *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*

"We didn't want to do anything actually connected with the Government because then we'd be doing anti-Communist stuff every week," commented Rolfe in a 1964 *TV Guide* piece. "Instead, we've gone completely fictional, and I came up with the word *UNCLE*. I thought it was a funny designation, kind of provocative. People might think it stood for Uncle Sam, which it doesn't. Or the UN, which it doesn't. Finally, so many people wanted to know what the initials stood for, we had to make up something (United Network Command for Law and Enforcement).

"We also have an omnipresent evil named T.H.R.U.S.H.," explained Rolfe. "This is a kind of international group for hire. And a sort of Professor Moriarty to U.N.C.L.E. But we're not going to use T.H.R.U.S.H. every week. It's there as a safety device. For instance, if I want someone to do something really awful and I can't think of a good motive, well, he's doing it for T.H.R.U.S.H."

T.H.R.U.S.H., as John Brosnan's *James Bond* in the *Cinema* notes, stood for The





Technological Hierarchy for the Removal of Undesirables and the Subjugation of Humanity.

While still under the *Solo* title, Sam Rolfe penned the pilot script which was accepted by NBC. With Rolfe as producer and Felton as executive producer *Solo* was set for 26 episodes—and filming was to proceed in June of '64. Along the way, writer-producer Joseph Calvelli was signed by MGM-TV as associate producer for the new hour-long series. Robert Vaughn was set for the title role and Will Kuluva and David McCallum were signed as regular co-stars.

The pilot/opener episode, *The Vulcan Affair*, launched *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* in the 1964-65 season of network shows. In the review department, *The Hollywood Reporter* reviewer was prepared to be convinced: "Shades of Herbert Rawlinson in *The Black Box* and Pearl White in the *Perils of Pauline* mixer as a potent appetite-whetter for those who like a thrill every few minutes and those fixed for fantasy and will go along with most of the modernized shenanigans." On the other hand, the *Variety* reviewer was not at all convinced: "Considering the fact that a major studio was behind this project to recreate for tv 'the wonderful world of James Bond' (though herein monickered 'Mr Solo'), there is something wholly inadequate and inept about MGM-TV's *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*"

The 60 minute *The Vulcan Affair* was released a year later as the theatrical feature *To Trap a Spy*, running some 92 minutes. A curious thing, however, happened during the transition from television episode to feature movie. When the project was in its *Solo* days, and Sam Rolfe was fleshing out characters during the formation of the show's pilot script, the head of U.N.C.L.E. was a Mr Allison (played by Will Kuluva) and the original bad-guys were a crime syndicate called W.A.S.P. By the time *The Vulcan Affair* was finished, and the series retitled *Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, Kuluva was replaced by Leo G. Carroll (as Alexander Waverly) and W.A.S.P. became T.H.R.U.S.H.

It seems that whatever footage was shot for *Solo*, along with Kuluva and W.A.S.P., was eventually cut into the theatrical-release version. Thus, tv viewers saw *The Vulcan Affair* with Leo G. Carroll and the U.N.C.L.E. gang combat T.H.R.U.S.H. (set around a nuclear chemical plant in Maryland) and *To Trap a Spy* viewers saw Will Kuluva and the same U.N.C.L.E. company battle W.A.S.P. in an expanded version of the same story.

Basically, those who see *To Trap a Spy* view the original *Solo*, while those who watch *The Vulcan Affair* get the now-established *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* tv format.

Though David McCallum was billed as co-star for both *Solo* and *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* (despite his increase in popularity during later seasons) he turned up *tenth* on the cast list for *To Trap a Spy*.

As a tv series, *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* comes between two mini-eras of American filmed television. On one part, it registers the closing down of an artistically glowing period of original drama which began around 1960—featuring such fine tv art as *Naked City*, *Twilight Zone*, *The Defenders*, etc.—and which faded out during the 1964-65 period. On another, it signalled the rise of more escapist, more thrill-seeking drama which would sweep the networks with such shows as *I Spy*, *The Wild Wild West* and *Mission: Impossible* through to the early '70s.

Man from U.N.C.L.E. started out as a serio-comic, espionage thriller which could reach back to the ordinary person and involve them in bizarre proceedings. This "real-life" element has been discussed between Ian Fleming and Norman Felton during the ►

show's Solo days. Felton commented at the time, "I told him I was interested in developing an adventure show around a man who works for an international organization and each week gets involved with a person from what I call 'real-life'—a housewife, a truck driver. Fleming was very excited about it and he particularly liked the 'real-life' person idea, as that would make it very different from James Bond, who works for the British Secret Service and couldn't care less about being involved with 'real-life' people."

For instance, there were the housewives who were swept up by agent Solo for *The Vulcan Affair* and *The Green Opal Affair*; the young couple for *The Shark Affair*; the pest-control firm manager for *The Project Strigas Affair*; the schoolteacher for *The Dove Affair*; the burglar-alarm expert for *The Fiddlesticks Affair*; the American tourist for *The Hong Kong Shilling Affair*; amongst many.

The idea was that every week some "ordinary citizen" would be involuntarily enlisted into the U.N.C.L.E. ranks, alongside agents Solo and Kuryakin, to embark on the adventure of their lifetime. One time it may be as prisoners of Robert Culp's lunatic modern-day pirate (as in *The Shark Affair*) who spends his time stealing such offbeat items as shoe laces, aspirin, and piano tuners (?). Another time it may be as part of a caper to break into T.H.R.U.S.H.'s well-guarded treasury (as in *The Fiddlesticks Affair*).

Unfortunately, though, *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* was a look back (in terms of



history, and of television itself) rather than a sprint forward. At its worst it paid a sophisticated salute to the days of such tv pulp-adventure as *Biff Baker USA*, *I Led Three Lives*, *Secret Files USA*, and *Passport to Danger*, when the heroes of these shows were out fighting hand-to-hand with the great Communist Menace of the early 1950s.

Man from U.N.C.L.E. had merely refined the cause, the threat, and the methods of dealing with it to a post-Kennedy/CIA period. And they didn't wait for trouble to come to them on their home ground. They went out and not only caused the trouble but left the results on someone else's front lawn.

Whereas the '50s tv spies were fighting the Red Menace, the men from U.N.C.L.E. were up against almost everyone. The insidious enemy may have been masked as T.H.R.U.S.H. for most of the time but we knew who they *really* were... Especially when the adventures were located in such politically exotic places as Latin America, Arabia, Japan, the Caribbean, Tibet, Berlin and Greece.

Nevertheless, U.N.C.L.E., at its best, offered television a new form of imagination to stir, a new set of values, heroes and good/bad organisations to chew upon. The Right Way wasn't always right, and the hero could be as poisonous as the bad guy. ("If they can do it, let's do it to them first!") If Solo got the chance to turn a T.H.R.U.S.H. death ray and wipe out dozens of T.H.R.U.S.H. agents—then that's OK, too!

The 'real-life' aspect of the series was originally an interesting idea, but the actual effect was that supposedly innocent "real citizens" were used as pawns in a clandestine power-play—and it was ultimately *their* lives on the line!

Hitchcock's *North by Northwest* (1959) is probably the *real* *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* pilot. Featured are Leo G. Carroll as a Waverley-like head of the Secret Service; James Mason and Martin Landau as T.H.R.U.S.H. style operatives; and Cary Grant's Madison Avenue executive as the 'real-life citizen' caught up in some outrageous adventure. However, unlike a lot of the U.N.C.L.E. series citizens Cary Grant, by the end of the film, has



shown that never in a million years would he get involved in such lunacy again. And who's to blame him?

On the tv programming note, **Man from U.N.C.L.E.**'s imagination-stirring introduced the great stampede into television spy dramas—featuring the dangers and duplicity of *Espionage*, *I Spy*, *Honey West*, *Wild Wild West*, *Mission: Impossible*, *The Man Who Never Was*, *It Takes a Thief*, *Man in a Suitcase*, *Callan* and *Girl from U.N.C.L.E.* Even the existing shows began adopting espionage themes; detective thriller *Burke's Law* even went to the extent of changing its police captain hero to a secret agent, for **Amos Burke: Secret Agent**.

The sad thing about it all is that the newly-formed tv spy genre soon fell into a routine formula from which it never emerged. In retrospect, it is fairly easy to see the influences on succeeding spy shows: Kelly Robinson & Alexander Scott (*I Spy*), *Robert Culp* & *Bill Crosby* and James West & Artemus Gordon (*Wild Wild West*), *Robert Conrad* & *Ross Martin* are follow-throughs of *Napoleon Solo* & *Ilya Kuryakin* (*U.N.C.L.E.*), *Robert Vaughn* & *David McCallum* as much as *April Dancer* & *Mark Slate* (*Girl from U.N.C.L.E.*), *Stephenie Powers* & *Noel Harrison* are extensions of *Honey West* & *Sam Bolt* (*Honey West*, *Anne Francis* & *John Ericson*).

However, **Man from U.N.C.L.E.**—as a programme—remains a notable turning-point in American series television of the mid-1960s... and as much, by its very effect on



most that followed, it is more important as a television landmark than as a television series.

Okay, the series itself, episode by episode, was fun, too. It was sometimes exciting, often exhilarating, most times energy-packed escapism. And that was all. There really wasn't that much more to it. This, of course, does not degrade the work of such excellent contributing writers as Howard Rodman, Berne Giler, Harlan Ellison and Stanley Ralph Ross, and such active helmsmen as Richard Donner, Joseph Sargent, Tom Gries, John Brahm and Barry Shear. But the series strictly belongs to its place and its time. The place is American tv when the schedules were shared with *Hogan's Heroes*, *The Green Hornet* and *The Monkees*; and the time is the period between President Kennedy's Cuban crisis (1962) and tv's coverage of the Apollo lunar landing (1969).

By 1970 a whole new television landscape had arrived like the backdrop for a new ballet, and the airwaves were glutted with police/detective actioners: *Adam-12*, *Mannix*, *The Silent Force*, *The Mod Squad*, *Dan August*, *Hawaii Five-O*, *Ironside* and (still continuing) *The F.B.I.* Where the heroes had once been battling it out with international monster abroad (the foreign spies, the Red Chinese infiltrators) they were now at home on the violent streets battling it out with the urban monsters (the muggers, the dope racketeers). The television causes and crusades for the Solos, the Kuryakins and the Waverleys (and the very existence of an U.N.C.L.E. itself) had now become redundant. The doors of the 87th Precinct are open for business once again.

I would like to give my thanks to Deenne Holding and Graham Cooper for their assistance in supplying information on key episodes, writer credits and directors for the series. The limitation of space has prevented me from listing details and credits for all 105 hours of U.N.C.L.E.—this time.



The Man from U.N.C.L.E. , (1964-68)

Arena Productions. Released by Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer Television. Approx 60 mins each episode; colour (except 1st season). Produced with NBC-tv Network. Exec prod Norman Felton. Producers Sam Rolfe (1964-65), David Victor ('65), Mort Abrahams ('66), Boris Ingster ('66), Anthony Spinner ('67). Assoc prod Joseph Gantman, Joseph Calvelli. Series developed by Sam Rolfe. Dir of Photo Fred Koenekamp, Joseph Biroc. Art dir George W. Davis, Merrill Pye, James Sullivan. Set decor Henry Grace, Frank McKelvy, Robert R. Benton, Charles S. Thompson. Supervising film editor John Dunning ACE. Film editor Henry Berman, Joseph Dervin, Fred McGuire. Music supervisor Frank E. Anderson. Music Jerry Goldsmith, Morton Stevens, Gerald Fried, Walter Sharf, Lalo Schifrin. *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* theme by Jerry Goldsmith. Recording supervisor Franklin Milton. Casting Don McElwaine, Jane Murray. Regular cast: Napoleon Solo (Robert Vaughn), Illya Kuryakin (David McCallum), Alexander Waverley (Leo G. Carroll), Heather (May Heatherly), Del Floria (Mario Siletti); Marion Raven (Jill Ireland) two eps. 105 episodes, Sept. 22, 1964-Jan. 15, 1968 (orig. U.S. telecast).



ROGER CORMAN Poster Gallery



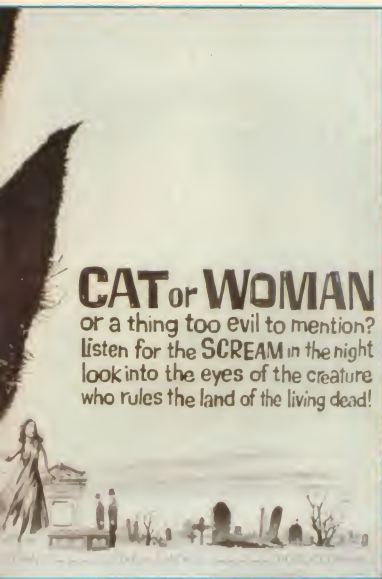
Surprising though it may seem there are probably a few *Starburst* readers to whom the name Roger Corman means little. Corman broke into the movie business in 1955 and soon carved a niche for himself as a director of low-budget but inventive fantasy films.

The real turning point in his career came when he teamed up with Vincent Price and directed a series of superlative movies based on the books of Edgar Allan Poe. Latterly, he has concentrated on producing and on the distribution of European art films throughout America.



This page: A selection of posters from Roger Corman's excellent series of movies based on the works of Edgar Allan Poe. Above, left to right: The American 1-sheet poster for *The Raven* (1963). The American 22x28 for *Tomb of Ligeia*. The American 1-sheet for *The Haunted Palace* (actually based





on the story by Lovecraft but named for a Poe story).
Bottom, left to right: *The British quad for The Pit and the Pendulum*, *The American 22x28 for Premature Burial*, *The British quad for The Fall of the House of Usher* (American title: *The House of Usher*).





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it's only a movie

This month John Brosnan talks about people in cinemas who like to talk to people who like to talk . . . and talk . . . and talk . . .

I know I'm paranoid at times but it's definitely no delusion on my part that whenever I go to a cinema I inevitably find myself sitting near someone who persists in talking loudly through-out the movie. Is it my fate to always have the one loudmouth in the place in my immediate vicinity or is it just that more people tend to talk loudly in cinemas these days?

If it's the latter case why do they do it? Well, one theory I've heard (probably in a cinema) is that people are so used to talking while watching tv at home they automatically do it while watching movies in a cinema. Well yes, perhaps, but this suggests they are unable to tell the difference between their living rooms and the local Odeon. You'd think that all those extra seats and the big screen, etc, might give them a teeny clue that they're not at home before they open their big mouths. But who knows—perhaps they have different living rooms to mine. Perhaps women carrying trays of confectionary illuminated with dazzling search lights are always popping in while they're trying to watch the 82nd rerun of *The Guns of Navarone* . . .

In the West End cinemas foreigners are the worst, especially the ones who don't understand English, or who have only a slim grasp of the language. They chatter away among themselves after every line of dialogue in a movie—obviously speculating on the meaning of the words. Often this turns into an argument when they have differing interpretations of what is happening on the screen. My worst experience with foreigners came when I was trying to watch the horror movie *The Hills Have Eyes*. There was a whole row of Greeks or Italians or Latvians behind me who were talking louder and louder as the film progressed. As the last half of the movie consisted mainly of people screaming they had a lot of trouble being heard over the soundtrack but they managed it. And my attempts to shush them provoked even more frenzied discussions as they tried to work out what was the matter with the crazy gringo in front of them.

I don't want to sound sexist yet again but women are usually to blame for most of the chatter in cinemas. They persist in asking their boyfriends or husbands (though rarely at the same time) incredibly stupid questions, giving the impression that they checked their brains in at the box office on the way in: "What did he say? Why did he do that? But why twice? Where did she come from? Why has she got that banana? Isn't she the girl from *Charlie's Angels*? You know the one I mean—the one who isn't like the other two. Is this a true story? How does it end? Why is he wearing a blue suit? Can he really fly or is it some kind of trick? Is Krypton near Bognor? Can I have a peanut? No, not that one. Why is that man in front of us crying like that . . . ?" The questions go on and on. And inevitably the boyfriend or husband endeavours to answer them. At length. Even when he doesn't know the answers. Especially when he doesn't know the answers.

Why do women behave this way in cinemas? Is it all an act? Are they simply trying to massage the male egos of their companions or does the absence of light



Above: Two scenes from the John Derek version of *Tarzan the Ape Man*, which seems to spend more time concentrating on Bo Derek's wonderful physical attributes (no sexist jokes, please!) than anything else. Right: *The Hills Have Eyes*—

affect the female brain? I mean, you never hear men asking stupid questions about the movie they're watching. You hear them asking questions, yes, but these never relate to what's happening on the screen (and in my case the answer is invariably a negative one).

I should stress at this point that I am not including female *Starburst* readers in my sweeping accusations. Female *Starburst* readers, particularly the readers of this column, are all keenly intelligent and would never ask a stupid question anywhere. That goes without saying but I thought I'd better say it anyway.

Occasionally, of course, you yearn for any kind of verbal distraction in a cinema when the movie you're watching is slowly putting you to sleep. This was the case recently when I went to see *Tarzan the Ape Man*. It's a bad time for the heroes of popular myth—first the Lone Ranger gets it in the neck from Lord Grade and now poor Tarzan suffers a similar fate at the hands of Bo and John Derek. About all this movie has going for it is Bo's chest. It's a very attractive chest, to be sure, but it's not enough to support a two hour movie. Particularly not when it has to compete for most of those two hours with a performance from Richard Harris that would make Cheeta hand in his Equity card and go into another line of business. We first see Harris wearing nothing but a shirt that is too short by several inches and if that doesn't make you choke on your popcorn his subsequent, non-stop

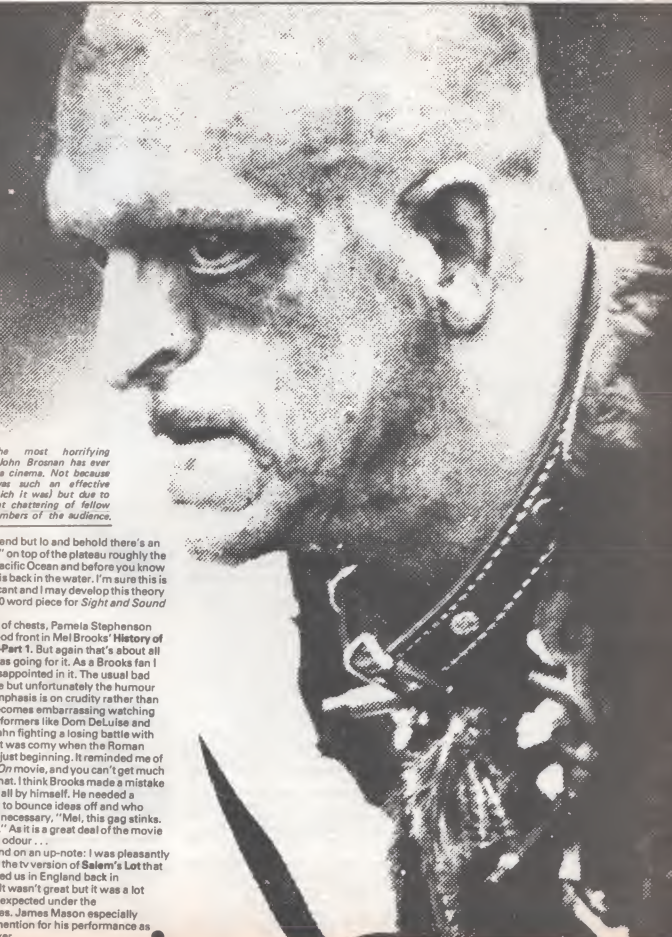
ravings will soon suggest to you better uses for said popcorn. Even when Harris finally has an elephant's tusk the size of the Albert Memorial shoved through his chest he still keeps talking at the top of his voice. It's no wonder poor Tarzan doesn't say a thing in the whole movie—he can't get a word in edgeways.

It's a flatly-directed, meandering shambles of a movie. You feel sure they were making it up as they went along. If there ever was a script to begin with it was thrown away on the first day. Certainly Richard Harris seems to be ad-libbing his ranting . . .

It's also hard to tell what sort of movie it was originally supposed to be. You think at first it's going to be a comedy—thanks to the MGM lion giving out with a Tarzan yell instead of a roar before the titles (it's the funniest joke in the film—in fact it's the only joke)—but then it starts taking itself seriously with Harris's long-winded lamentations about his dead wife. On the other hand it's sure not an action movie. The only two action set-pieces—Tarzan wrestling with a python and fighting the native chieftain at the end—are shot in a strange kind of slow motion that effectively removes all trace of excitement.

Trying to detect some element of consistency in the story I did notice that water is a recurring motif. People are continually jumping, falling or diving into it. When the characters ascend a *Lost World* type plateau I thought for a while the water scenes had to

starring
John Brosnan



perhaps the most horrifying experience John Brosnan has ever endured in a cinema. Not because the film was such an effective shocker (which it was) but due to the incessant chattering of fellow (foreign) members of the audience.

come to an end but lo and behold there's an "inland sea" on top of the plateau roughly the size of the Pacific Ocean and before you know it everyone is back in the water. I'm sure this is very significant and I may develop this theory into a 30,000 word piece for *Sight and Sound* magazine.

Speaking of chests, Pamela Stephenson puts up a good front in Mel Brooks' *History of the World—Part 1*. But again that's about all the movie has going for it. As a Brooks fan I was very disappointed in it. The usual bad taste is there but unfortunately the humour isn't. The emphasis is on crudity rather than wit and it becomes embarrassing watching talented performers like Dom DeLuise and Madeline Kahn fighting a losing battle with material that was comy when the Roman Empire was just beginning. It reminded me of a bad *Carry On* movie, and you can't get much lower than that. I think Brooks made a mistake by writing it all by himself. He needed a collaborator to bounce ideas off and who could say, if necessary, "Mel, this gag stinks. Throw it out." As it is a great deal of the movie has a strong odour...

But let's end on an up-note: I was pleasantly surprised by the tv version of *Salem's Lot* that finally reached us in England back in September. It wasn't great but it was a lot better than I expected under the circumstances. James Mason especially deserves a mention for his performance as the evil Straker.

Record World

One of the most popular of large scale orchestra pieces is Gustav Holst's *The Planets* suite. Conceived around 1913 as an extension of Holst's interests in the paranormal, the score is an astrological interpretation of the planets, not an astronomical or mythological.

The music falls into seven parts, one for each of the planets as Holst omitted the Earth, and Pluto had yet to be discovered.

The suite has always been well represented in the recording catalogue, and seemingly hardly a year goes by without a new record being made. It's also the sort of score that definitely benefits from modern recording techniques and one of the most recent versions to have been issued is Simon Rattle conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. It is a digital recording and comes over as a very well-defined, crisp performance. Parts of the suite are extremely loud and complex and so should sort out your record playing equipment.

Mars—The Bringer of War, is probably the best-known of the seven pieces. With its uneasy 5/4 rhythm it usually leads to the statement that it was a comment on the First World War. Holst though apparently insisted it was a prophecy—which would fit his paranormal interests—as he had had the idea before the declaration of war. Whatever the reason, the piece invariably has war-like connotations and tends to get used as such in television programmes, particularly in the first two *Quatermass* serials.

After Mars, Venus—The Bringer of Peace, is just that; followed by the scherzo, Mercury—The Winged Messenger.

Jupiter—The Bringer of Jolity is going to be the next best-known movement, particularly as part was set, by Holst, to the words of the hymn "I Vow To Thee My Country", although should you feel moved to sing along, be warned, the last note isn't there!

Another of the Jupiter themes had words set to it, though in more recent times and to a slightly faster tempo. Manfred Mann's Earth Band used it in the late 70s.

After Jupiter comes Saturn—The Bringer of Old Age and with it a definite change of musical style. Most of this movement is dominated by a tolling bell sound which during the course of the piece gets louder and louder. Saturn dies away to become Uranus—The Magician and here the obvious parallel is with Dukas's *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, brought to life by Mickey Mouse in Walt Disney's *Fantasia*. It is said that Holst did not know of the Duke's work, although it pre-dated *The Planets*, but its interesting to note that he still went the same route of using bassoons to represent the magician. Similarly the xylophone is used as Saint-Saëns did in his *Danse Macabre* to represent the skeletons and in his *The Carnival of the Animals*, where it became the fossils!

The final movement of the suite is the most mysterious, as it should be for it represents Neptune *The Mystic*. It is said to be one of the quietest pieces of music ever written, rising to a crescendo only once. Half way through, the orchestra is joined by a wordless women's chorus which gradually takes over and then begins to fade.

Sleeves of *The Planets* recordings invariably, though not exclusively, feature that most spectacular of planets, Saturn. My older recording, by Sir Adrian Boult and what

was then the *New Philharmonia Orchestra* has a telescope picture of the ringed planet. The new record features a *Voyager 1* picture, along with some of the satellites. Most prominent is Dione, which has been printed back-to-front!

Does the fact that as John Williams has now become principal conductor of the Boston Pops Orchestra bode ill for the LSO, one might ask? Whoever does the soundtrack for *Star Wars III* and *Superman III*, Williams, who recently succeeded the late Arthur Fiedler, and the Boston Pops have produced a recent album of variations of four of his most well known sf film scores: *Star Wars*, *Superman*, *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Close Encounters*. The most popular excerpts have been taken, so, for example, *Superman* is represented by the Love Theme and the March from the first film. The *Star Wars* excerpt similarly features the Main Theme and Princess Leia's Theme and with the *Close Encounters* suite you do get the additional music written for the *Special Edition*.

However, overall I'm not convinced that the playing is as tight as the LSO's. The *Empire* selection features my favourite bit, the Asteroid Field which has some extremely tricky scoring, in which the LSO seems to fair better.

Possibly I'll get lynched, but I have to admit that I've never managed to get into the fantasy world of Tolkien. However I did make a point to listen to at least some of Radio 4's recent 26 part adaptation of *The Lord of the Rings*.

BBC records have taken the fairly unusual step, for a radio series in particular, of releasing a record of much of the music heard over the weeks.

Composed by Stephen Oliver, who also conducts the New Chamber Soloists it consists of songs and instrumental pieces that accompanied the hobbits on their journey. The words of the songs come from Tolkien, but the music is all original and I found it very pleasant to listen to, even not being all that aware of the story.

Exactly how one goes about scoring music for a film as mind-blowing as *Altered States* I'm not sure, but newcomer, to film scoring at least, John Corigliano has done just that.

I suspect that even for a modern classical composer of Corigliano's standing the prospect of writing for the Russell film must have come as a bit of a surprise. However, the choice has paid off magnificently and the album is well worth listening to, considering that at times it is as discordant as the visual images it's following. The range is amazing as well. At one moment the notes seem to be bombarding you from all direction in seeming random patterns—though careful examination reveals the clever scoring—and then we are into the lyrical love theme which thankfully manages to be romantic without being sugary.

The orchestra isn't credited so I suspect it's session musicians, which in some ways is a pity for they perform so magnificently under conductor Christopher Keene. It seems a shame they don't do it on a more permanent basis.

I'm not really sure about *Outland*, but then I wasn't all that sure about the film itself!

It's definitely not as memorable as Jerry Goldsmith's two most recent offerings—*Alien* and *Star Trek*, both soundtracks of which I liked. The *Alien* theme in particular



has to rate as one of the most hauntingly desolate of sf themes. The *Outland* theme has aspects of the *Alien* theme in it and there's hints of Bartok in there as well. Particularly his *Divertimento*, which crops up in many a tv play, and his *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta*, which was featured in *The Shining*. However the *Outland* soundtrack



does gel together as a piece of music which is more than the film did as a piece of story-telling.

The *Superman* soundtrack has to be slightly odd amongst the present bunch as although John Williams did the original film and his themes are used in part 2, he presumably wasn't around when required

(*Empire?*) and so the score is actually composed by Ken Thorne, using the Williams themes. This procedure isn't rare in classical circles, most composers at one time or another using, adapting or writing variations on other composers work—Britten's *Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge*, Rachmaninov's *Paganini Variations*, to name

but two. For film music though its unusual, particularly where one composer is already established with the first film.

It's difficult to say exactly where Williams stops and Thorne starts and it probably isn't possible anyway. Some themes are obviously from the original film, such as the Main Title, though Ken Thorne adds his own touches.

The record actually opens with the Preface which in 56 seconds manages to combine musical aspects of Also Sprach Zarathustra (2001's theme) and Respighi's *Pines of Rome*. Clever stuff.

Finally for this month there's a quartet of discs that although not soundtracks or related items like the *Planets*, I feel are worth a mention. When I first heard of the latest Moody Blues album and its title—*Long Distance Voyager*—I thought "I wonder!" When I finally got around to viewing the album cover at first it didn't seem to fit. A blue-tinted lithograph-type drawing of what appeared to be a Victorian country village fair. However a second look did reveal the space probe, viewing the scene from beneath the lettering of the title. Actually the promise of the title doesn't really follow through the music. Early Moody Blues records have been space or fantasy oriented—in *Search of the Lost Chord*, *On the Threshold of a Dream* and *To Our Children's Children* in particular. However one of the songs in this album is about the *Veteran Cosmic Rocker*!

E.L.O. seemed to be fascinated by Flying Saucers at one point using a multi-coloured emblem on the sleeve of *A New World Record* which became the Saucer of the later stage shows and the cover of *Out of the Blue*. (The later album also gave you a push-out-and-assemble card model of the Saucer which I managed to resist making!)

Their most recent album appears to have abandoned the Saucer concept, but is entitled *Time* and features such interstellar goodies as *Yours Truly*, 2095; *Ticket to the Moon* and *21st Century Man*.

Some years ago I recall a piece of music by an American composer by the name of, I think, Charles Dodge, called *The Earth's Magnetic Field*. Strictly speaking it wasn't by Dodge at all, rather by the Earth itself for what he did was to take the minute changes in the Earth's magnetic field and use the changing pattern to create sounds, via a computer. I never did manage to get hold of an album.

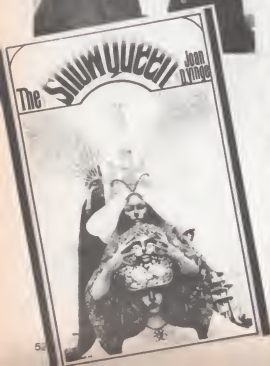
I was reminded of this by the latest offering from Jean Michel Jarre similarly titled *Magnetic Fields*, it doesn't rely on the fickle Earth, rather on a bank of (probably temperamental) synthesisers. Slightly less distinctive than his two previous records—*Oxygene* and *Equinox*, though I found *Side One* in particular, just as effective.

Finally, cast your mind back to the *Cosmos* album I reviewed last month. One of the tracks used was by Synergy (side two, track 1). Whilst rummaging through a local "Our Price" bargain bin for any lost gems, I came across an LP by the same Synergy, who turns out to be an American synthesiser expert Larry Fast. (Amongst other things, he accompanied Peter Gabriel on his 1978 US Tour). This album is titled *Games* and I found the music very enjoyable even given the fact that the record was badly warped and my pick-up only just about managed to cope with it, still it was cheap! I'm now on the look out for more Synergy albums.

book world



Above: Author Ian Watson. Below: Joan Vinge and the cover of her book *The Snow Queen*. Opposite above left: Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle. Opposite above right: Arthur C. Clarke. Opposite below left: *The very wonderful* Carl Sagan. Opposite below right: *The equally wonderful* Robert Heinlein.



It's impossible to have read science fiction intensively in the late 1970s without having at some point to grapple with Ian Watson. Starting with *The Embedding* (1973) Watson has published a steady stream of inventive, audacious, intellectual and dense novels which have earned him acclaim for his ideas while at the same time drawing criticism for a standard of writing which has lagged some way behind. Those who like Watson tend to think he's the best thing that's happened to sf for years; those who dislike him profess to find him utterly unreadable.

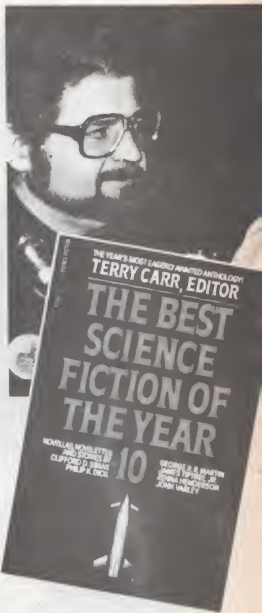
Watson's latest novel, *Deathhunter* (Gollancz, £6.95), gives evidence that he has been taking note of his critics. There is an obvious attempt here to write with more simplicity and clarity, and to cut down on the abstruse intellectual debates between characters which could baffle even the most dedicated reader. The result is a story full of invention and colour, and also fast-moving and readable.

Watson takes us into a peaceful future world, in which human beings have finally come to terms with death. Death is the final act of life, and as such has to be staged carefully and ceremoniously. Institutions have evolved—the Houses of Death—where those who feel it is time to die go to prepare themselves with the aid of experienced guides. The protagonist of the novel, Jim Todhunter, is such a guide, and at the beginning of the book we see him arrive in the town of Egremont, where an important death is about to take place: that of world-famous poet Norman Harper. But Harper is murdered before his ceremonial death can begin—a shocking heretical act in this society—and Todhunter is given the job of guiding his killer, Nathan Weinberger (who is himself terminally ill) to his own death.

Todhunter soon learns that Weinberger's was not a random insane act of violence. He has a theory that Death is itself a creature of some sort, a predator attracted by chemical signals emitted by those about to die. Only people who die suddenly and unexpectedly escape the creature, so that in killing Harper as he did Todhunter was actually trying to save his soul. Weinberger is persuaded to join Todhunter in building a strange contraption, a cage for Death, and sure enough they trap a curious being—a red thing, half-moth, half-bat, which flickers in and out of vision as it emerges from some other dimension—and follow it into the strange world of the afterlife, where fleeing souls attempt to avoid capture and entrapment by a variety of weird hazards.

The novel has a great many twists and turns, including a conclusion which turns the entire book on its head. What is unusual for an Ian Watson novel is that all *Deathhunter's* complications are easy to follow, and I found the novel quite a compelling read—which, like them or loathe them, is not the reaction one usually has to Watson's books. If you haven't previously sampled his work—or if you have, and have been put off by it—this is a good one to try.

Terry Carr's annual selection *Best Science Fiction of the Year 10* (Gollancz, £8.95) is by general consent the best of three or four competing volumes in the U.S.A., and is the only one to be published in Britain at present. Carr year after year manages a task which would make most of us contemplate *hark-kiri* if forced into it—that of reading every single



sf and fantasy short story published in English each year, and selecting the dozen or so best of each (his annual fantasy volume doesn't have a British publisher at present). This is, as usual, a competent and solidly entertaining collection—it's worth making sure your library has a copy, it being a bit expensive to buy—but, again as usual, one or two of the selections make me think, if these are the *best*, Heaven preserve us from the worst! There are good solid stories here from the likes of George R.R. Martin, John Varley and newcomer Michael Swanwick. The two stories I enjoyed most were the Nebula Award winning "The Ugly Chickens" by Howard Waldrop—about an ornithologist on the trail of a colony of dodos surviving in the U.S. Deep South: marginal sf, but a good story—and Philip Dick's "Frozen Journey", which shows the maestro of modern sf (in my view) back on form. It's set on one of those colony spaceships which take years to reach their destinations, with the crew and colonists frozen in suspended animation. Unfortunately the process goes wrong for one passenger: his body is frozen, but he is still conscious, his only sensory input coming



from his link to the ship's computer. Essentially he's suffering from the sort of sensory deprivation which drives people mad in a matter of days, be he faces ten years of it; the computer's task is to keep him sane. A good idea and a good story.

The 1981 Hugo Awards have been announced and, as exclusively predicted in *Starburst*, two major awards went to Joan Vinge's *The Snow Queen* (Best Novel) and something called *The Empire Strikes Back* (Best Dramatic Presentation). Gordon Dickson won two awards for "Lost Dorsai" (Best Novella) and "The Cloak and the Staff" (Best Novelle), while veteran author Clifford Simak won the Best Short Story Award for "Grotto of the Dancing Deer" (to be found in Terry Carr's collection reviewed above). Best Non-Fiction Book was adjudged to be *Cosmos* (or rather, *Kuuzoo*) by Carl Sagan, who probably would have walked away with Best Hairstyle had there been such a character.

All this took place at the 1981 World SF Convention in Denver, where a plan was also announced to bid to hold the 1984 Worldcon

in Britain, following the success of the 1979 event in Brighton. More of this as and when it develops.

Big money has been floating around the US publishing scene once again, but none bigger than the one million dollar advance which has persuaded Arthur Clarke out of retirement to begin none other than a sequel to *2001: A Space Odyssey*. The new book is titled *2010: Odyssey Two* and is tentatively scheduled for American publication in November 1982. Officially it is described as "unfinished", but according to my spies "unstarted" would be a better word: the book was sold on title alone, without so much as a synopsis. Of course there's a lot of interest in the possibility or otherwise of a movie, but the rumour which reaches my ears is that Stanley Kubrick was shown a synopsis when it was eventually written, but was not interested. Maybe Glen Larson... The book has not yet been sold in Britain, by the way, though I gather that what would easily have been a record advance for an sf novel was not accepted.

All of this must have been galling to Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle, who were just preparing to bask in the glory of selling a novel for a record advance (said to be around \$600,000) when the Clarke news broke to steal their thunder. Their new book is called *The Foot*. It isn't a chiropodist's textbook, but a b-l-g novel of an alien invasion of Earth. Apparently it's based on the original idea for *Lucifer's Hammer*, which was to have been an alien invasion novel until their editor asked them to forget the alien and concentrate on the effects of the comet hitting Earth.

And those of you who have read *The Number of the Beast* will probably have mixed feelings when I tell you that Robert Heinlein has completed and sold another novel, for yet another half-million dollar plus advance. This one is called *Friday*, possibly a reference to the day on which he wrote it, and is due out in the States next summer. I can hardly wait.

On a rather different note, word reaches me of an interesting plan to launch a new British sf magazine early next year. The title is *Interzone*, and it's an idealistic venture edited and produced by an unpaid collective of eight people based in London and Leeds. The aim is to pay as much as possible of the magazine's income to the contributors—a welcome departure from most magazines, where the aim is to pay them as little as possible (this does not apply to the very wonderful *Starburst*, naturally!). It will be a quarterly, the first issue appearing in February 1982, and contributions have been promised by a number of excellent writers, including Aldous Huxley, Angela Carter, M. John Harrison, Sladek and others just as famous whose names I'm not allowed to drop. The magazine does need support, though, and if you like the idea of a new British magazine you can help positively by taking an advance subscription. The cost is £5 for the first year, and anyone who subscribes by the end of 1981 will receive as a bonus a limited edition booklet of a long new story by J.G. Ballard—which as a collector's item would itself justify the cost. Send your fiver to *Interzone*, 21 The Village Street, Leeds LS4 2PR—and if you're a budding writer send your stories too—they want new writers—accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, of course. ●

TV ZONE



One of the most interesting figures active in British television over the past 20 years has been London-born writer Dennis Spooner.

He has been involved in some of the most adventurous and dramatic moments of British episodic tv—ranging from co-creating the 1969 espionage drama *Man in a Suitcase* to acting as story/editor/writer on *Doctor Who*.

Dennis Spooner was born in Tottenham, London, on December 1, 1932. He worked his way through Post Office telegraph boy, postman, clerk, window-cleaner, factory worker, would-be professional footballer, and stage comedian to enter the world of professional writing in 1955.

Although Spooner has also written for radio, his success in the television medium came with scripts for early episodes of *No Hiding Place*, *The Avengers*, and *Coronation Street*.

The next turning-point arrived when he met Gerry Anderson: "Gerry did more than anyone to teach me film writing. I learned to think in pictures rather than in dialogue." Spooner contributed numerous scripts under the Anderson banner to *Fireball XL-5*, *Stingray* and *Thunderbirds* during the early '60s.

Following a year with BBC-tv as story editor on the *Doctor Who* series, he was contracted by ITC (television producers/distributors) to write ten scripts a year, including many for *The Baron* series. This led to an association with producer Monty Berman, and such shows as *The Champions* (which he also co-created with Berman), *Department S*, *Jason King*, *Randall & Hopkirk (Deceased)*, and *The Adventurer*.

One of my favourite Spooner shows (of whatever memories still remain) was also one of his most off-beat—*Randall & Hopkirk (Deceased)*. Having only a tv lifespan of 26

episodes, this series operated in some unique area between *Blithe Spirit*-type comedy and pulp private-eye violent drama.

Marty Hopkirk and Jeff Randall are partners in a private investigation agency. While on assignment, Marty Hopkirk is hit and killed by a car. However, Marty Hopkirk violates some ancient rhyme and is cursed to remain on earth—as a white-suited ghost who can only be seen and heard by Jeff Randall. Jeff is now left to operate the agency with the help of Marty's widow, Jean.

A wonderful yet curious blend of humour and action, which also overlaps the Detective genre with the Fantasy genre, *Randall & Hopkirk (Deceased)* stands as another of those superbly oddball tv series that creeps out of British television.

Following are all 26 episodes in order of original (London area) telecast, giving writer/director/leading players/synopsis. The show was also shown in America during 1970-71 under the title *My Partner the Ghost*.

Randall & Hopkirk (Deceased)

Producer: Monty Berman. Creator & exec story consultant: Dennis Spooner. *My Late, Lamented Friend and Partner* (Sept 21, 1969) wr. Dennis Spooner. d. Cyril Frankel. cast: Mike Pratt (as Jeff Randall), Kenneth Cope (as Marty Hopkirk), Annette Andre (as Jean Hopkirk); Frank Windsor, Dolores Mantz. Marty Hopkirk is killed while working on a case—but returns in ghostly form to assist his partner, Jeff Randall, who is the only person who can see and hear him.

A Disturbing Case (Sept 28)

wr. Mike Pratt, Ian Wilson. d. Ray Austin. cast: Judith Arthy, David Bauer, Gerald Flood. Jeff and Marty are involved in a plot where human robots will be used for remote-controlled robberies.

All Work No Pay (Oct 5)

wr. Donald James. d. Jeremy Summers. cast: Alfred Burke, Dudley Foster, Adrienne Corri. Two sinister brothers, claiming to be spiritualists, try to convince Jean Hopkirk that her dead husband has returned as a poltergeist.

Never Trust a Ghost (Oct 12)

wr. Tony Williamson. d. Leslie Norman. cast: Peter Vaughn, Caroline Blakiston, Donald Morley. Marty repeatedly reports dramatic events which, when Jeff and the short-tempered Inspector Clayton investigate, appear to be completely without foundation.

That's How Murder Snowballs (Oct 19)

wr. Ray Austin. d. Paul Dickson. cast: Grazina Frame, Arthur Brough, Patrick Holt. Jeff poses as a one-man mind-reading act, with Marty's help, when he investigates the shooting of a theatre entertainer.

Just For The Record (Oct 26)

wr. Donald James. d. Jeremy Summers. cast: Ronald Radd, Olivia Hammett, Noshier Powell. Jeff and Marty run into mystery involving beauty queens.

Murder Ain't What It Used To Be (Nov 2)

wr. Tony Williamson d. Jeremy Summers. cast: Alan Gifford, David Healy, Joyce Carey. Ghostly Marty meets up with a ghost gangster in a vendetta between a notorious gangster and the spirit of the rival for whose death he was responsible.

Who Ever Heard of a Ghost Dying? (Nov 9)

wr. Tony Williamson d. Ray Austin. cast: John Fraser, Alexandra Bastedo, Ivor Dean. The Randall and Hopkirk partnership is threatened when clairvoyant Cecil Purley (Charles Lloyd Pack) tries to exorcise the ghostly Hopkirk.



The House on Haunted Hill (Nov 16)
wr. Tony Williamson. d. Ray Austin. cast: Judith Arthy, Jeremy Burnham, Peter Jones. Marty spooks himself when he ends up in a haunted house.

When Did You Start To Stop Seeing Things? (Nov 23)
wr. Tony Williamson. d. Jeremy Burnham. cast: Ivor Dean, Clifford Evans, Keith Barron. The day arrives when Jeff Randall can no longer see or hear his ghostly partner.

The Ghost Who Saved the Bank at Monte Carlo (Nov 30)
wr. Tony Williamson. d. Jeremy Summers. cast: Mary Merrill, Brian Blessed, Veronica Carlson. Marty helps an old lady, who has invented the perfect gambling system, lose a fortune in order to keep her safe from crooks.

For the Girl Who Has Everything (Dec 7)
wr. Donald James. d. Cyril Frankel. cast: Lois Maxwell, Marjorie Rhodes, Freddie Jones. Marty becomes a ghosthunter following the death in a haunted castle.

But What a Sweet Little Room (Dec 14)
wr. Ralph Smart. d. Roy Ward Baker. cast: Michael Goodliffe, Doris Hare, Norman Bird. Jeff involves Marty in a séance following the murder of his client.

Who Killed Cock Robin? (Dec 21)
wr. Tony Williamson. d. Roy Ward Baker. cast: Cyril Luckham, Jane Mellow, Gabrielle Bruen. Jeff accepts an assignment to act as guardian to an aviary of tropical birds.

The Man from Nowhere (Dec 28)
wr. Donald James. d. Robert Tronson. cast: Ray Brooks, Michael Gwynn, Patrick Newell. Jean Hopkirk meets a man who claims to be

the reincarnation of her late husband—Marty in another body.

When the Spirit Moves You (Jan 2, 1970)
wr. Tony Williamson. d. Ray Austin. cast: Ivor Dean, Kieron Moore, Anton Rodgers. The ghostly Marty is assigned as an unseen bodyguard, but the man he has to watch can see him.

Somebody Just Walked Over My Grave (Jan 9)
wr. Donald James. d. Cyril Frankel. cast: George Murcell, Bernard Kay, Patricia Haines. Curious events at his grave cause even the ghostly Hopkirk to accuse Jeff of seeing things.

Could You Recognise That Man Again? (Jan 16)
wr. Donald James. d. Jeremy Summers. cast: Ivor Dean, Madge Ryan, Stanley Meadows. When Jeff and Jean see racketeer George Roden coming out of their car, they half-believe him when he tells them that he got into the wrong car by mistake, until they find a dead body in the back.

A Sentimental Journey (Jan 23)
wr. Donald James. d. Leslie Norman. cast: William Squire, Tracy Crisp, Drew Henley. Jeff Randall is assigned to escort an attractive blonde from Glasgow to London.

Money to Burn (Jan 30)
wr. Donald James. d. Ray Austin. cast: Ivor Dean, Sue Lloyd, Roy Desmond. Jeff is almost tempted when an old friend offers to cut him in on a plot to hi-jack currency notes which are being withdrawn from circulation.

The Ghost Talks (Feb 6)
wr. Gerald Kelsey. d. Cyril Frankel. cast: Alan

Above left: *From the episode Who Killed Cock Robin?* by Tony Williamson and directed by Hammer regular Roy Ward Baker. Left to right, Kenneth Cope (as Marty), Jane Mellow and Mike Pratt (as Jeff). Above right: A scene from the episode *Never Trust a Ghost*.

Macnaughtan, John Collin, Jack MacGowran. Marty lives again as he recalls a spy drama handed before his death.

It's Supposed To Be Thicker Than Water (Feb 13)
wr. Donald James. d. Leslie Norman. cast: Felix Aylmer, Liz Fraser, Neil McCallum. Jeff is employed to deliver an envelope to an escaped convict without realising it contains an invitation to death.

The Trouble With Woman (Feb 20)
wr. Tony Williamson. d. Cyril Frankel. cast: Paul Maxwell, Denise Buckley, Edward Brayshaw. Marty comes in to help when Jeff Randall is being framed for murder.

Vendetta for a Dead Man (Feb 27)
wr. Donald James. d. Cyril Frankel. cast: George Sewell, Barrie Ingham, Ann Castle. On learning that Marty Hopkirk is dead, a vengeful criminal decides to seek revenge on Jean Hopkirk.

You Can Always Find a Fall Guy (Mar 6)
wr. Donald James. d. Ray Austin. cast: Juliet Harmer, Patrick Barr, Garfield Morgan. St Ursula's Convent is being robbed and a pretty nun draws Jeff and a suspicious Marty into the web.

The Smile Behind the Veil (Mar 13)
wr. Gerald Kelsey. d. Jeremy Summers. cast: Alex Scott, Hilary Tindall, Gary Watson. Marty visits his own grave and becomes involved in a macabre murder mystery.

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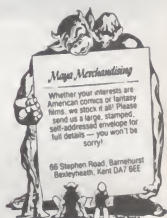
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movies on 8mm

by MICHAEL BURN



Somewhere in all those 132 minutes of **Star Trek—The Motion Picture** is a great film struggling to get out. Basically, the picture harboured a plot suitable for a regular tv episode but was padded out for the sake of special effects to more than two hours screen time. And we all know, don't we, that **Star Trek** on tv won its fantastic following through its characterisations and off-beat stories, not special effects.

Now the dream of a brilliant **Star Trek** movie has come to fruition simply by chopping out all the long boring bits of the two hour epic, leaving us with 50 minutes (exactly the length of a tv episode) of the kind of **Star Trek** we've come to know and love. And you don't miss a thing in terms of the story, which I'm sure you are familiar with so I won't bore you with it.

To purchase it from its distributors, Derann Film Services Ltd., 99 High Street, Dudley, West Midlands, will cost £85.95. It is printed on masked frames, giving a wide-screen shape to avoid the pan-and-scan irritation. And the print is of excellent picture quality so that, with an appropriate zoom lense, you can

blow the picture up to a good size wide-screen image.

The unnerving thing about watching this version, considering that the plot is considerably tightened, the characters more sharply defined because they are edited to resemble more the personalities we are familiar with, and the action heightened so that you are riveted instead of bored, you have to ask yourself, why did they bother spending the biggest portion of its 40m dollar budget on the other 82 minutes?

For the same price as **Star Trek** and from the same distributors comes 50 minutes worth of **War of the Worlds**, George Pal's classic rendition of the H.G. Wells masterpiece. Again, the editing is so slick that only the most ardent **War of the Worlds** fan, who's maybe seen the picture often enough to know it backwards, would detect that anything was missing.

It does all seem a bit corny these days what with **Close Encounters** and the such like, but it can still hold an audience (I know, because I screened it to an audience and it still managed to scare the wits out of some of the members).

The special effects, which earned its creator an Oscar, are definitely crude by today's standards (some of the wires holding up the Martian vehicles are visible) by they still have impact. The acting is purely Nineteen Fifties with an incredibly young Gene Barry putting on the melodrama and Ann Robertson being femininely frail and suitably distressed.

For those who do want the complete feature, it is available from America at some astronomical price, so I really would recommend this 50 minute version. However, if you prefer to pay less for a 400ft condensation, Derann also release a superb 17 minute edition which I viewed before seeing the feature, and it really is an efficiently edited abridgement. It features the Martians' arrival, the priest's vain attempt to communicate with the aliens, the futile attempts by the army to fight the Martians, the chilling deserted house scene where Barry and Ms Robinson meet a Martian face to face, and the fiery climax when Barry seeks out his loved one in a church as the Martians seem intent on wiping out the capital before being stopped by "the littlest things which God in His wisdom had put on earth."

And speaking of **Close Encounters** (some three paragraphs back) Portland Films, 45 New Oxford Street, London WC1 supplied me with what you might describe as 'The Special Edition of the Special Edition of **Close Encounters of the Third Kind**.'

Only now there's a lot less of it, because this is a fast and furious 18-minute abridgement (costing £29.95 from Portland) and what makes it so special is that it was edited by Steven Spielberg, probably the first, and only, time a director has involved himself in the packaging of a Super 8 edition. And it is not necessarily for the best. A good Super 8 edition will pick the best scenes to tell the story in a way that will stimulate the impact of the original. What Spielberg has tried to do is put a little bit of just about everything in, and it makes for a very confusing film for anyone who has not seen the original.

Nevertheless, it does make a splendid and spectacular souvenir. It features such scenes as the discovery of the World War Two planes in the desert; Richard Dreyfuss' first and terrifying encounter with a UFO while at the level crossing; the kidnapping of the little boy by aliens; Dreyfuss' construction of a mountain in his living room; the evacuation from the UFO's landing area and Dreyfuss' finding the kidnapped boy's mother, Melinda Dillon; their capture by the military and subsequent escape; culminating in the stunning finale as the mother ship lands for a close encounter of a third kind.

Tv fans are catered for by Universal who have put together a 32-minute featurette of **The Incredible Hulk**, released by Derann at £57.95. This edition is a compilation from two episodes, with the majority of it devoted to the "pilot" in which we saw how Bill Bixby blew his top and turned into a green colossus. From a later episode we find Bixby aboard a plane in trouble. To save the day he gets hot under the collar and bursts his britches, aided by some stock shots from Universal's **Airport** sagas, just to save a little on the budget, but we can forgive them that. All good clean fun with the Hulk looking a good deal more hunkier on the big screen than he did on the box!

DOCTOR JEKYLL'S WOMEN DOCTOR JEKYLL'S WOMEN DOCTOR JEKYLL'S WOMEN DOCTOR JEKYLL'S WOMEN DOCTOR JEKYLL'S WOMEN

SCENES 1-20. London 1880. A deserted street. Viewed in long-shot. Nothing but shops locked up for the night. A small square, two side streets. Gas-lamps light walls and sidewalks. Footsteps. A little girl runs by. Her doll, held tightly in her arms, loses its wig. The little girl, fear on her face, stops and hastily picks up the wig of her dear friend. She has no time to adjust the wig: a man's footsteps draw closer... a bandit pursuing the little girl. She runs, mouth wide open, gasping for breath. Terror in her eyes—without turning her head she 'sees' what goes on behind her... She disappears into darkness. Too late: The man knocks her down. The doll breaks. A cane is raised by a pair of hairy hands. The cane strikes the small, blonde head. The cane breaks... The same hands tear the clothing of the poor girl. A door opens. A light goes on. A woman appears on the staircase... screams in horror. The man abandons his victim and flees. He stumbles on a piece of his broken cane...

So it begins... as usual. But this is the only traditional aspect of the twentieth screen version of Dr. Jekyll. The rest of his legend is well nigh exploded in this film from the Polish expatriate painter, animator, designer and film-maker in Paris, Walerian Borowczyk.

Apart from mentions in my column, Borowczyk (you say: borrow-chick; or to his friends, Boro) is not a director greatly featured in this magazine. Although some of his previous work has featured Jack the Ripper and Countess Erzsabet Bathory (aka Countess, or even Mama, Dracula) Boro is no regular exponent of the fantasy genre. Or not as we know it in *Starburst*. His films usually wind up with the same censor certification, though, due to his genre being more associated with that of glossier publications. Sex. Or in truth, eroticism (something lacking in most, if not all, of those particular glossies).

His previous British releases, therefore, have included such erotic classics as *Immoral Tales* (1974), featuring in one of four sketches, Picasso's daughter, Paloma as the countess in need of bathing in virgin's blood to retain eternal youth... and *The Beast* (1975), Boro's most outstanding movie, a definitive rendering of the beauty and the beast legend which makes King Kong pale into significance, not to mention Alfred Sole's tired *Tanya's Island*, despite assists from Rick Baker.

They're the best of Borowczyk without any doubt. Rather than get you too heated, I'll simply mention the titles of his others: *Goto, Isle of Love* (1968), *Blanche* (1971), both with his actress wife Ligia Branice; *Story of Sin* (1975), filmed back in Poland; *The Streetwalker* (1976) with Sylvia Kristel; *Behind Convent Walls* (1977) in Italy; *Three Immoral Women* (1979); and *Lulu* (1980) in West Germany... that's the one with Jack the Ripper making almost a guest star appearance at the end.

And now... Well, when he started shooting the film on November 24, it was called *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Miss Osbourne*, which made it sound similar to Hammer's *Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde* (1971), which didn't bother Boro because he'd never heard of it. Or so he said. By the time the film opened in Paris in May, it had somehow





become *Dr Jekyll et les femmes*, which hardly needs translating—just interpreting, perhaps. And that's likely to happen soon enough in the upcoming court case about the film in Paris. Boro's two producers are accusing their director of libel.

In Britain, when released early next year, the film will be called *Doctor Jekyll's Women*.

Forget the titles! The one important name is Borowczyk. I asked him once why he so rarely worked with star names. He grinned and said, he was his own star. It happens to be true.

His *Jekyll* film has been hailed as his masterpiece by one of his erotic writer friends in Paris. It's not . . . although meticulously conceived and photographed as ever (Boro is one of the few directors in love with Fijicolour), it often has the appearance of having been much too hurried from set to editing suite to touting for business in Cannes

and opening in Paris, as if the bank interest on the producers' stake was too heavy to mess with.

It is, for all that, a fascinating new view of the old story, and one breaking tradition with all the others—nineteen of them since 1910.

OUT, for prime example, goes every actor's plum dual role—Stevenson's split personality is played by two actors, although to preserve traditional, perhaps, only Udo Kier is credited. He does supply the voice for both, but the evil-looking Mr Hyde remains anonymous. (Actually, two actors played the roles in the second film version back in 1912; plus, of course, in Roy Ward's Baker's Hammer film when Ralph Bates made the ultimate switch into Martine Beswick).

OUT goes the prostitute lover of Mr Hyde—invented purely for the American stage, then copied by most of the movies, supplying roles for such ladies as Ingrid Bergman and

Billie Whitelaw. (In Victor Fleming's 1941 film, Ingrid Bergman was originally cast as the usual staid heroine, and begged to swap roles with Lana Turner, thereby becoming if not the first then the worst Swedish Cockney in movies).

OUT, too, goes the hackneyed old potion downed swiftly by Spencer Tracy, Boris Karloff, Paul Massie and others to the accompaniment of crashing tympani and quick-grow hair on face and hands. Borowczyk's all important metamorphosis sequence takes place, *Altered States* style in a way—in a bath. This idea becomes immediately more effective when . . .

IN comes Boro's new character of Dr Jekyll's fiancée, Fanny Osbourne. She spies her medico man's transformation and copies him. Immersing her semi-clad Victorian self in the tub to become . . . what else but Mr Hyde's fiancée! ▶

SCENES 466-499. JEKYLL'S APARTMENT. Jekyll locks door, goes into bathroom. Fanny, taking great care, hides behind his desk. From there she has a good view of the bathtub as well as the rest of the room. Dr Jekyll waits for bathtub to fill. He plunged thermometer into water, regulates hot and cold taps to get the right temperature. He removes two flasks from desk drawer. One contains a grey powder, the other a white powder. He weighs out onto a tiny scale, a few pinches of each chemical and returns flasks to drawer. Jekyll's face tenses up, his nostrils flare. His eyes glow, demonstrating his excitement. He contemplates himself in the mirror and little by little his tight lips melt into a smile. He hums a pleasant tune. He pours the two salts into the bathtub. The grey becomes brown, dark; the spray of the two taps facilitates their dissolution and accelerates the secret chemical reaction. Dr Jekyll turns off the taps, steps into the bathtub, and raises the turbulent surface. The volume of liquid overflows. The ticking of a timepiece dominates the silence. Ten seconds go by. The head of a monster breaks the surface with a vigorous splash. . . . spits out liquid, shakes head and rises in all his horrifying splendour. Fanny is ready to scream and restrains herself only through an extraordinary act of will power. The monster who for several hours has been inflicting terror, raping and killing without mercy on his guests—is none other than Dr Henry Jekyll himself. Her fiancée . . . gentle Henry! She faints.



During location shooting at the Chateau Brueil in November, the story emerged that here was the first film to be based on Robert Louis Stevenson's original manuscript—the one written after a nightmare in a Bournemouth sanatorium in 1885 and then burnt in disgust by his puritanical wife as soon as she read it. Borowczyk was said to have located parts of this signed treasure trove in the library of Oxford University while attending last year's Oxford film festival.

"That's a gag," he laughs. "But you can keep it going if you like... It's not quite dishonest. The script is my analysis of what I think—what I'm sure Stevenson's original was, based on my deductions from psychoanalysts' work and my own research into the original draft."

The film—and the hype—stem from Boro's Lulu producers, Robert Kuperberg and Jean-Pierre Labrande. Their Whodunnit Products also plan a re-make of Michael Powell's 1960 classic chiller, *Peeping Tom*, although no shooting date or director have yet been announced. "If you work with Watelian, you have to accept the fact that he cannot work like any other film-makers," Kuperberg told me. "He has to do everything by himself. The photography, the editing, the sets—the entire look of everything is his design. [including his film's posters] If you can't agree to that, you can't work with him. We thought a Borowczyk Hyde would be... exciting. And we were right!"

Hmm, so exciting, all three are winding up with a new assignment in the French libel courts.

"I wasn't so sure about making the film at first," admits Boro, sitting at his editing table, a couple of stonethrows away from the Arc de Triomphe, and cutting, in fact the above transformation scenes. "I felt the public might be saturated with all the previous Jekylls. There was a comedy version here recently with Oliver Reed. Paramount are making another send-up in Hollywood, I hear. And while I've been editing, I saw Jack Palance in some old tv-movie treatment the other week."

So what changed his mind?

"The theme. I was greatly interested because the theme of course, is schizophrenia. That's all the illness of our time, no? Every person has a mask. I'm terribly schizophrenic myself. The other self is always there in all of us... and always scandalous because it unmasks the fraud."

"The previous films were made amid the rigours of censorship, even self-censorship... like Stevenson's. Today's freedom of expression permits a new version to be more precise and not covered in ridiculous, obscure symbolism."

"For example, the view that Jekyll is an allegory of the conscious state with Hyde as the subconscious. This is not only false, it would make Stevenson the true inventor of psychiatry and not Freud! No, no, Jekyll wants to be Hyde!"

Which he manages with drugs?

"Exactly. The potion he mixes is neither diabolic nor divine. It is a chemical process—and a drug has no moral effect. All it does is release the man from his bottled-up self, allowing him to observe and analyse himself. At the critical moment that Jekyll partakes of this mixture, he becomes what he has always wanted to be. He returns to his youth, in fact. Stevenson's book underlines, even if in just a line or two, Jekyll's childish pranks, his stormy youth. His motto is 'Long live hatred and fear.' But he's no anarchist, because there is some method in his madness—a conscious desire to react against the existing state of society. Jekyll doesn't want to make other people suffer. He's simply after his own

pleasure. He's not malicious in his actions."

As to... Considering the pile of bodies by the end of the film, that's hard to take.

Borowczyk also condenses Stevenson's heavy dream into a single, tortuous, hard day's night in London. A houseful of dinner guests are celebrating Jekyll's engagement to Fanny Osbourne and the publication of the doctor's new book on transcendental medicine. It is, you'll notice a double event... just one of many double-acts mirroring Stevenson's duality premise in this film. The guests are held captive by a last minute guest. A certain Mr Edward Hyde—on the kind of murderous rampage never hinted at in the other films.

"There's no proper description of the murders in the book," explains the director. "Just a few suggestions." Borowczyk improves on this, of course. Most if not all of the guests are murdered and/or raped during the night, male and female alike, inbetween scenes galore of doors opening and closing and people running hither and thither as if in a French farce. "All films fantastique are comical if you come right down to it," smiles Boro. "It all depends on how you play the game. I've put in some scenes tinted with humour precisely to make a contrast with the rest of the film which is, of course, very serious."

After being both Dracula and Frankenstein for Andy Warhol (his surrogate, Paul Morrissey), Jack the Ripper last year for Borowczyk, and we shouldn't forget his other genre gallery spot in Dario Argento's *Suspiria*, Germany's Udo Kier was naturally upset at losing the chance to be Jekyll and Hyde in his second Boro movie. If his ego was bruised, he saw the sense of the director's decision after viewing the make-up tests. "I looked," report Kier, "all greed and... ridiculous! That's all right for an Oliver Reed comedy. But this film is no comedy—and the public would have just laughed us off the screen."

Boro chose Udo for his piercing eyes ("he's predestined to play bizarre roles because of those eyes"), and wanted him to portray both roles... until those early tests. "I can draw very well what I want, but we haven't—at least, not in France—the physical or material means to bring my creature to life. We spent oh! tens of thousands of francs re-researching the make-up. We did some tests with the make-up guys from Herzog's *Nosferatu*. The results were like carnival masks. Immobile!"

So back to the drawing board?

"Well, I wasn't too surprised or upset by this failure. I have difficulty in accepting many movie monsters. I can always feel the actor underneath the paint. And as for all these robots these days, they seem like puppets. Although the *Nosferatu* make-up was technically better than in Murnau's 1922 film, it seemed less impressive to me. Only the *Allen* director escaped this trap—by rarely showing the monsters and when he did, it was some kind of biological animal, an abstract creature from a laboratory. No actor inside that!

"Obviously, all actors dream of playing Jekyll and Hyde. But the results, look at them—they become a double absurdity. The actor becomes totally unrecognisable when the make-up people have finished with him. It might not even be the star anymore! I mean who recognised Donald Sutherland after Fellini had finished with him in *Casanova*?"

"So, I was not too worried by the necessary change in plans. In fact, I welcomed it. Once actor in both parts was a theatrical device—there is no close-up on the stage. The films copied this idea, just as they pinched the prostitute's role from the play. Stevenson's book, however, stresses that Hyde was

unrecognisable even to Jekyll's most intimate friends. He was smaller, even. So he has to be someone totally different... and with none of that vampire teeth or sprouting hair. Some on his hands, which Stevenson said had to be covered by gloves, but not all over the face."

"Then, Hyde moves differently because he is different... repugnant, appalling, yes... yet still able to mix easily in any crowd. I should repeat that perhaps: in the end, Hyde's appearance is really quite normal. The only real difference between him and Jekyll and the rest of society is that he's totally free and liberated in his pursuit of pleasure. He fears the police only—as does any isolated minority. If everyone were Hyde—and who is to say we're not underneath—things would be different."

He sighs. "Unfortunately, we are not allowed to use real monsters—freaks—on the screen in France. In America, you can and that might have worked. It would have been... interesting." But not feasible considering Boro's original script, calling for a repitilian face, later groomed for its public appearances. Conversely, Marina Pierro—the wondrous Italian actress found by Boro in Visconti's *The Innocent*, and star of two other Boro films, *Behind Convent Walls* and *Three Immortal*



Women and duly signed for his upcoming history of the Egyptian queen, **Nefertiti**—is not so wholly transformed after her dip in the tub of chlorodecylcarbonoxigeniferum. Like Udo Keir, before the other, anonymous actor takes over, Marina's eyes turn blood red only . . . so does her nature. "She doesn't need to conceal so much. By the time of her transformation, nearly everyone else in the house is killed. She also understands the entire process better—quicker—than Jekyll. Her murder of her mother proves that—the mother is nearest to God in the hierarchy of morals). And in their final scene, you'll notice that she remains true to her new persona, while there's still much hesitation going on between Jekyll and Hyde."

As for other films of the genre he has joined this once, Borowczyk raised one only—both as an example of horror and his more usual avenue of cinerotics **Psycho**. "As with any film, it all depends on the way you look at it. Someone with an atrocious imagination could think that Perkins had made love with the corpse of his mother . . . the way he holds her body and so on. As for Janet Leigh, Perkins hates her—which means he loves her, too. The audience loves her as well. I remember I was extremely excited when I saw her. I wanted to defend her—because I

lover her. Unfortunately, I could do nothing to save her in the shower."

After the first private screening in Paris, long before his great bamey with his producers, Borowczyk told me how he felt about the result. "I think I've respected Stevenson. That was my main aim. Yes, I'm satisfied. I'm always satisfied with my films. But . . . you must bear in mind, I'm a hypocrite!"

Although, far from his best movie (his second-best is worth 150 **Friday the 13ths**), it makes an intriguing new entry into the whole Jekyll ethos, and is perhaps best described by Jekyll's own words. Not so much, "Long live hatred and fear" as the more Borowczkian line, "Long live the novelty of my sensations!"

Of course, I'm a hypocrite too—still stunned, moved, in fact by the way that, after our various Paris meetings, Walerian Borowczyk inserted my name into his post-synching script. A Vermeer painting, one of the typical collection of old and odd artifacts to be found dressing any Boro film, is gazed upon by the dinner guests and one of them mentions it was last on view at . . . the Crawley Hotel. That, coming from one of my favourite directors, made my year. ●

For translation and other services assisting in the compilation of this feature, merci beaucoup to Frederick Albert Levy; and, of course, to Walerian Borowczyk for permission to run some of his script.

Doctor Jekyll's Women (1981)

Udo Kier (as Dr Jekyll), Marina Pierro (Fanny Osbourne), Patrick Magee (Gen Carew), Howard Vernon (Dr Lanyon), Clement Harri (Rev Guest), Jean Mylonas (Uttersen), Gisèle Préville (Jekyll's mother), Eugene Braun Munk (Enfield), Louis Michael Colla (Maw), Catherine Coste (Mrs Enfield), Rita Maiden (Mrs Osbourne), Michele Maze (Margarita), Agnes Daems (Charlotte Carew), Magali Noaro (Victoria), Dominique Anderson (Mrs Maw), Isabelle Cagnat (Little girl). And presumably, Gerald Zalcberg as Mr Hyde; though this casting has never been confirmed.

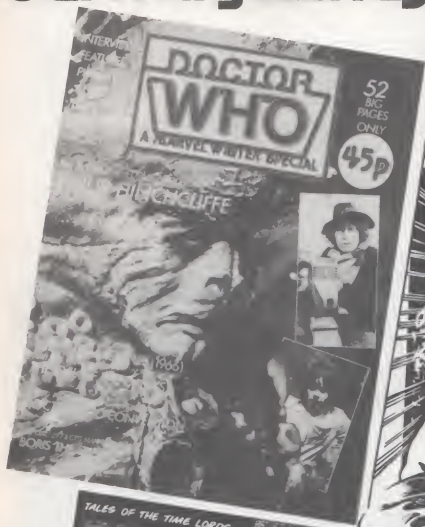
Directed, written, photographed and designed by Walerian Borowczyk, based on Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*. Camera operator Noel Vary, Sound by Gerald Barra, Executive producer Ralph Baum, Produced by Robert Kuperberg and Jean-Pierre Labrande.

A Whodunnit-Allegro-Multimedia production, shot at the Chateau Bruel, November 24-December 19, 1980, for UK release by New Realm.

SCENES 468-498 (cont'd). The monster rinses himself off with clean water, dries himself and puts on his suit, set out ahead of time: The creature's face, his cheeks, his forehead are covered with a rough skin: the monster steps in front of the mirror, draws the lamp closer and using a surgical file, cleans his face, scraping his shameful skin. The cheeks, forehead, temples become lighter, smoother. The monster shows his desire to look human, to better pass among the crowds. Alas, his scratched veins on the forehead and temples stand out quite bluntly. They indicate the degree of excitement and desire, for we are sure that this creature consists exclusively of a composite of repressed desires, concentrated, waiting to explode, to be gratified freely. Dr Jekyll, his double created deliberately by him, a creature of his own choosing, is ready to leave the nest



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